# THE COMMONWEAL

***A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.***

Volume VII | New York, Wednesday, November 23, 1927 | Number 3


## CONTENTS


Burns and the American People..... 707
Week by Week..... 709
Finishing the Unfinished..... 712
A Letter from Willa Cather..... 713
Villanelle of His Preferences (*verse*)..... Muna Lee 714
The Ex-Jesuit Enigma....Michael Williams 715
The Iron Hand in Mexico, II..... Francis McCullagh 718
The Dodo and the Gingko Tree (*verse*)... Clement Wood 720
Recrudescent Biography ..... Ernest Sutherland Bates 721
Two Years and Upward..George N. Shuster 723
Compensation (*verse*) ..... Evelyn Elizabeth Walsh 723
The Play.....R. Dana Skinner 724
A Communication ..... 725
Books, Mostly New.....Martha Bayard, Henry Longan Stuart, Daniel Sargent, Theodore Maynard, Agnes Repplier, Morton Dauwen Zabel, Katherine Brégy, Patrick J. Temple, Frederick H. Martens 726
The Quiet Corner..... 740


# BURNS AND THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

As one leading figure after another in the Washington mistrial steps stubbornly back into silence, availing himself of his constitutional right to avoid self-incrimination, and as the conviction grows upon the public mind that no solution of the enigma is to be looked for in the current year, it is inevitable that a sense of anticlimax should descend upon those who see in the whole unsavory case a reproach to be exterminated from our public life, and who are less concerned with lopping off, one by one, ramifications they never doubted would be found than with the urgent need of dealing a blow at the root of the evil.

It was no secret that the attack upon vested interests which had been allowed to entrench themselves at the very heart of the nation's administrative life would be a difficult and dangerous task. The whole history of the investigations which began three years ago, and of which the present legal proceedings are the delayed outcome, has brought us face to face with certain disabilities not to be separated from the democratic theory, and which are not showing themselves for the first time. Briefly, the case might be put by saying that while the initial steps in many inquiries into dark practices are taken by men of eminence, clothed in the authority popular election to the Senate confers, and thoroughly conversant with the field in which they have to work, their function is confined to placing the facts in full light. They can convince the branch of our government concerned with pains and penalties that there is a case for baring the ax of punishment from the fasces of mere censure. But the task of punishment does not rest upon their shoulders. Nor does it belong to the judiciary, save partially. The real cutting edge is the unanimous judgment obtained after all the legal resources money can hire have had their say, of twelve very ordinary and anonymous citizens, drawn from obscurity to render a verdict and returning to obscurity when their duty is accomplished. These men not only possess no opinion whatever upon a case that has been before the public conscience for years. The very basis of their acceptability as jurors depends on its absence.

It is not attacking the jury system, which The Commonweal has, time and time again, insisted is the palladium of our liberties, to perceive that in such a case as is upheaving public feeling just now, it offers very rare opportunities to unscrupulous parties concerned in beclouding and obstructing the plain issue. A skilled general chooses as the objective of his counter-attack some point in the line where different sectors overlap, and whose liaison has the reputation of being weak. And just so, those to whom the speedy


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

working of justice is a consummation devoutly to be averted are concentrating their efforts, to an extent undreamed of in earlier days, upon the jury. The right of challenge, as was made evident in a notorious murder trial case within the past year, is stretched to the utmost limit the law permits, if not abused. The comings and goings of the twelve men in whose hands the outcome lies become the concern of unsleeping eyes. Indiscretions natural to men who are jurors but not jurists, are watched for, if they are not provoked. Private lives, means of livelihood, habits even, are made matter for an inquisition hardly less sparing than the case upon which the twelve are engaged. In a word, the crisis produces the man, not to say the men, and such activities as have just procured the dismissal of a dozen plain citizens, sworn to render justice from the jury box, enter, unwelcome and alien intruders, upon the legal stage.

To say that all the dangers that threaten the legal side of our democratic experiment are synonymous with Mr. William J. Burns and the Burns Detective Agency would be overstating the case. To say that they can be dismissed without a very searching inquiry into what is rendering their persistence possible, would be understating it quite as much. The public is no stranger to Mr. Burns. On numerous public occasions it has been admitted into the recesses of the super-detective's mind. Its blood has been made to run cold by revelations of the extent to which communism and radicalism of the reddest are invading our labor unions and colleges. It has even heard that "every big strike in this country may be laid at the door of the Soviet influence." Following the appointment of this master mind as official head of the Bureau of Investigation of the Treasury by Attorney-General Daugherty, more than six years ago, it was promised, in his name and that of the organization he still controls, a searching inquiry into such abuses as tax-dodging, retail profiteering, and the major sources of the liquor traffic. "If Mr. Daugherty," said the Philadelphia Public Ledger, in a flush of enthusiasm that rests uneasily in office files to this day, "wants big fellows got after and made to disgorge for the benefit of tax-payers, Burns will hunt them down." It seems incredible today, but somewhere in August, 1921, a public existed which believed that, before turning over his talents and organization to government at the behest of Mr. Daugherty, Crusader Burns, his license and his automatic on the ground at his knees, was spending a vigil of prayer before the altar of some wayside chapel on Pennsylvania Avenue.

To pass from these roseate memories to the cold atmosphere of fact is a painful step. Juries and Mr. Burns are not being associated for the first time. Something was heard of both during the impeachment proceedings against his big chief as short (or as long) a time ago as December 13, 1922. On that date, and after a bitter wrangle to exclude it as evidence had been overcome, a communication from ex-Attorney-General Wickersham to ex-President Taft was introduced. It claimed to show that the pardon given a certain Welland N. Jones, convicted during the Oregon land fraud cases in 1907, was based "solely on the official reports in the cases alleging improper activities by Mr. Burns in connection with the drawing of the juries. . . . He had personally examined the documents," Mr. Wickersham was reported as continuing, "as he had found it difficult to believe that there had been such a condition as charged."

Mr. Burns has many enemies, and it is open to his friends to claim that many of them do him credit rather than discredit. Among these it will be hardly possible to include Frank A. Vanderlip, former president of the National City Bank, who, on May 11, 1924, two days after the retirement of the head of the Treasury Investigation Bureau, appeared in the public prints denouncing the Burns system as "a grave abuse of power. . . . It has been demonstrated," so the record of Mr. Vanderlip's speech proceeds, "that these detectives shadowed senators and members of Congress and tried to 'get something' on them which could be used to paralyze any movement antagonistic to the Department."

The more this burly and cryptic figure in the miserable oil imbroglio is studied, indeed, the less does his personal significance grow, but the greater grows the need of knowing exactly what stands behind his carefree and breezy attitude when confronted with the evidence that has caused the extreme step of abandoning a trial. Mr. Burns has "done the state some service and they know it." But this does not explain to everyone's satisfaction the voice that is reported booming along the corridors, the "aggressive mood," the off-hand description of opposing witnesses as "all these lice," the rough and haughty command to a senator to "go ahead." He has all the air of being the depository of some information which reduces the senatorial effort to apply the law to insignificance. What is it? We will not do the usual crop of rumors even the honor of a passing reference. But it is quite plain that, in promoting to official position this head of a service money could buy, and in continuing the license and privileges of his agency after his retirement under dubious circumstances, the state did itself and the public a disservice. "It is high time," thinks the New York World, and we agree, "that the Burns agency and other organizations of its kind were thoroughly investigated." If, as is claimed by its chief, nothing has been done that constitutes a violation of the law, then the law, for the sake of the men who are called from private life to be its instruments, needs amending. Meanwhile, nothing would help to restore public confidence so much as an inquiry into all the activities associated with the name of Burns in the last ten years, and pending such inquiry, a suspension of license, which that very respectable body, the Allied Printing Trades Council, asked for as long ago as July, 1917.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1927, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.



MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH — MARY KOLARS

HENRY LONGAN STUART — GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS — JAMES J. WALSH

CARLTON J. H. HAYES — R. DANA SKINNER

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE



United States: $5.00 — Foreign: $6.00

Canada: 5.50 — Single Copies: .10


## WEEK BY WEEK

THE "warning" given to Germany by Mr. S. Parker Gilbert that excessive borrowings of capital from abroad would result in piling up annual interest obligations to an extent likely to render payment of reparation moneys under the Dawes plan impossible, was a wise if not a popular declaration. It having been decreed that the Reich is to pay a kind of continual fine to various victorious Allied peoples, nothing can be done excepting to try making German industries so productive that they will supply the amounts stipulated. All else must necessarily be sacrificed to this central purpose. Borrowing to advance state and municipal improvements or to carry out socialization plans, is an obstacle to progress, as the Dawes Commission sees things. It may be remarked that Mr. Gilbert said nothing which had not previously been approved of by the leading German financiers. Dr. Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, has long since insisted that though an edict against all foreign borrowing would spell ruin, the flotation of loans should be confined to central enterprises likely to create credits sufficient to offset their own interest requirements. Naturally this rule is difficult to enforce in a country so federal in character as is Germany. The Reich government can no more prevent municipal and state borrowing than Washington can prevent the city of New York from floating vast bond issues to provide for new subways. Everyone hopes, of course, that cold, hard facts will make an impression upon the German peoples and induce them to support a sound fiscal policy. But it is also apparent that since the reparations clauses of the Versailles treaty were the direct inference from the claim that all the war guilt was Germany's, this question must become less academic and more actual with each succeeding year.

AMONG the many resolutions of regret at the sudden death of Mr. James Cox Brady from business and other organizations of which he was a member or a supporter, those of the Calvert Associates and of the staff of The Commonweal, will, we trust, be permitted a place. Some weeks ago this journal commented upon President Coolidge's speech at Pittsburgh concerning the duty of men of wealth to justify great riches by using them to promote religion, education and cultural interests. We remarked that while Catholic rich men and women are very generous toward charitable and educational causes, they are not yet as prominent as their growing numbers would lead us to suppose they well might be in aiding purely cultural movements. At the time we had gratefully in mind many exceptions to this generalization, and, so far as the Calvert Associates are concerned, in particular, none more vividly than the late Mr. Brady. No other individual took a more helpful part in this endeavor to establish a medium for the intellectual and artistic expression of the Catholic faith. We may indeed say that, on more than one occasion of crisis, it was his aid which made the continuance of the effort possible. The list of great causes of charity and education which Mr. Brady munificently and intelligently aided, as reported in the newspapers, were ample grounds for the high honors bestowed upon him by the Holy Father; but what was publicly known concerning his public service through his means and his personal efforts is only a part of the story. No man less desired public recognition of such services than Mr. Brady, but it would be more than ungracious on our part not to testify—now that our words can cause him no embarrassment—to the sense of obligation and the deep gratitude, and sorrow as well, which we feel in common with so many others.

FULLER details of the clash between Dr. Barnes of Birmingham and Canon Bullock-Webster, which have now reached this country, bear out our feeling that a crisis is upon the Anglican Church comparable only to the notorious Gorham judgment in the forties of last century. As was inevitable, we have the sly comment of Mr. Shaw, who, while ostensibly praising the primate's attempt to cast oil on troubled waters, does not fail to see a fresh sanction given to "ambiguity." Catholic sympathies, as is natural, will go to their brethren of the sacramental wing, who have been forced to hear the dogma they hold as the keystone of their faith referred to in terms which have hardly been equalled in England since the blasphemies of the early Reformers at Paul's Cross. Perhaps the most deplorable feature of the whole case

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is the reappearance of materialism, positivism and contempt for the mystical theory, in the bosom of the English Church, reinforced this time by the glib conclusions of physical science astray from its legitimate field. It would be a mistake to impute the whole miserable situation to Protestantism. But the lack of any power which can extrude an element so discordant with the whole theory of faith as the Bishop of Birmingham has shown himself to be, and the attempt to meet an issue really fraught with life or death by nothing better than suave phraseology, is a striking and unlooked-for comment upon the principle of private judgment.

DR. FREDERIC FUNDER, editor of the Vienna Reichspost and writer for the N. C. W. C. News Service, reports an interview with a "high dignitary of the Church," which is important for the light it throws upon the problems of reunion and restoration of the temporal power. The prelate in question stated that if the plan to call an ecumenical council, long since "on the order of the day," should materialize, "the separated Christian churches would be invited to assist, in accordance with an old-established usage of the Church." Such a council would be the Catholic response to those invitations to consider reunion which have been issued by those who arranged the Stockholm and Lausanne conferences. Indeed, many authorities appear to believe that the obstacles in the way of union with what are now termed the schismatic churches of the Orient could be removed by nothing else except a council. Meanwhile the abrogation of the territorial independence of the Holy See is considered a serious impediment to the convocation of the hierarchy. It is believed that summoning delegates of churches which have to a large extent become national institutions to a place which is occupied by the government of a world power would create embarrassments of a grave kind. However that may be, it seems obvious that the meeting of a council on territory restored by Italy to the Holy See would be calculated as no other event could be to set forth in bold relief the universality and spiritual independence of the Church of God.

IF SENATOR BORAH sometimes gives us the impression of being an irresistible force, it is quite clear that his effort to make prohibition the major plank in the Republican party platform next year is encountering that equally proverbial obstacle, the immovable mass. Hasty and ill-considered legislation brings many troubles in its train. Not the least, is the fact that arguments which should have been aired before a measure attained the finality of law have a trick of reappearing when apologies for its slack observance are needed. The candid friend from Idaho is going to be reminded of many things which the advocates of a bone-dry America were allowed to ignore eight years ago. As a start we have Senator Edge of New Jersey, anxious (rhetorically) to be told why holding to the Eighteenth Amendment should be made a test of political honesty when two other constitutional amendments have gone the way of nullification without rocking either of the two big parties, far less threatening to split them from top to bottom. We will not attempt to answer the Senator further than by inviting him to look for the reason in activities that do not lie far from the Capitol steps. We merely record our regret that the excellent arguments which are now being discovered to maintain harmony in the Republican ranks were not heard of at the time the measure was being put through which is likely to make the presidential campaign of 1928 an affair mainly of eloquent silences.

VERY suddenly the news of a flood catastrophe bringing death and ruin to various sections of northern New England merged in the public consciousness. A number of Vermont towns and several comparatively large Massachusetts cities were swept by torrents resulting from an utterly unprecedented downpour of rain. The unexpectedness of the visitation is to a large extent responsible for the havoc wrought. Dams built to resist normal wear and tear failed to hold up under the pressure; no machinery of defense existed to take care of the emergency; and many of those who lost their lives were probably the victims of what was, to them, a novel situation. Of course the need felt by untold numbers of sufferers has enkindled widespread generosity. We take comfort in the thought that such assistance, together with the circumstance that a flood like this subsides rather quickly, will go far toward curtailing the sum total of misery. One would like to see the world fortified against accidents of this character. Such a wish is, however, obviously incapable of fulfilment; and it is part of the human lot to accept cataclysms and tragedies with a stout heart, knowing that in the end endurance of them is not only the discipline which prepares us for the serenity of everlasting life, but also the proof of our will to rebuild more admirably and heroically here and now.

ONE who has read New England history could not help being impressed by the fact that in offering the services of New York to stricken Vermont, Governor Smith proved incidentally how far behind us are certain bickerings of a formative historical period. At Bennington one sees the stone image of a crouching catamount, looking westward toward the Hudson. This monument commemorates a stirring incident in Green Mountain history. Resenting the endeavors of various New Yorkers to annex part of their territory, the stalwart Vermont lads slew a catamount and hung the skin on the door of an inn which their foes were wont to frequent. The sign of determination thus given put an end to sundry ambitions. It is also, for us of the present, a symbol of the innumer-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able conflicts that used to exist between one portion of the country and another. Today all that is past. Differences are suffered to exist, as a general rule, without debate; and even though Kansas imposes its notions of intoxication upon New York City via the law, Kansans are suffered to walk down Fifth Avenue without molestation. The whole story of American progress is in such contrasts.

NOW it is A. H. Woods, former champion producer of bed-room farces, who finds it productive of ducats to advertise a new play as follows: "A play that dares tell the young to learn life first and marry afterward." He can, of course, appeal for justification to Judge Ben Lindsey, to Havelock Ellis and a few others of that select brood who believe that God was just a little old-fashioned when He provided the mating instinct with its natural consequence of childbirth. The difference, however, between Mr. Woods and these philosophical sentimentalists is grotesquely wide. We may fairly assume the sincerity of Judge Lindsey. We may even grant his broad experience as to material and facts, though appalled at the child-like logic he applies to their interpretation. But Mr. Woods can have only one object—to attract to his play all those who, in their hearts, prefer the thought of license to a marriage license. Judge Lindsey has at least the wisdom to plead for a change in the laws before directly "telling" young people to experiment in free love. Mr. Woods makes no such argument for his play. To advocate in public print a course of moral action contrary to existing law seems, on the face of it, to invite the attention of the district attorney. Mr. Woods might say, of course, that he is merely describing the play and not advocating anything. To which the only just answer is that he is describing a product he himself is selling. If that product is as tainted as Mr. Woods says it is, then its smell alone should convict him.

AND speaking of the sudden blare of trumpets over "companionate marriage," no one seems yet to have landed with sufficient vigor on the amazing human fallacy underlying the whole argument. Leaving aside abstract morals for the instant, how can one possibly "learn life" before accepting the responsibilities of life? Judge Lindsey admits that the coming of children involves the idea of permanent union. Children are part of "life"—the sine qua non of the continuance of life. Their advent may, and generally does, alter the whole psychological adjustment of husband and wife. A good or fascinating "companion" may turn into a hopelessly inadequate father or mother. Or a most unsatisfactory "companion" may emerge, through the test of parenthood, into a helpmate of rich understanding and fine courage. Judge Lindsey's whole case, even as he states it, must stand or fall by the assumption that trial marriage demonstrates at least the major requirements of permanent union. Yet how can it, when it tells nothing of parental instincts? Stripped of sentimental phrases, "companionate marriage" can do but one thing—gratify the senses without ratifying the judgment. It cannot even evoke the crucial test of character which comes with facing the issue of permanent responsibility—of living in "chains," whether they be chains of love, of compromise or merely of manly and womanly duty. Judge Lindsey and his brood are applying to the most serious human problem the logic of the six-year-old who says: "I played with matches to-day and didn't get burned, so I can play with them every day and never get burned." Life and marriage cannot be learned in what is only the primer of sex!

ONE may say that the emphatic personal endorsement of the work of the National Catholic Welfare Conference by the Holy See in a recent communication has accomplished a vast good deal toward solidifying opinion in support of the institution. That there are still some who frankly disapprove of the organization goes without saying; but these are now constrained to act in the valuable capacity of critics rather than in the destructive rôle of a wrecking crew. Further evidence of the Holy Father's approval of the Conference has come in the form of an honor conferred upon the Reverend John J. Burke, C. S. P., by the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities. Very rarely does this Congregation confer the honorary doctorate in theology; and the fact that it was presented to Father Burke on October 14 of this year indicates more forcibly, perhaps, than anything else could the confidence placed by the universal Church in the difficult effort guided by the general secretary of the Welfare Conference. We may legitimately feel that this token of appreciation is a gift to Americans generally, who have coöperated to render Father Burke's labors fruitful and prosperous. Beyond that it is evident, of course, that as an individual he merits this homage and much more. As a priest, as editor of the Catholic World during many years, and as the "guide, philosopher and friend" who presided over the destinies of the Welfare Conference from the beginning, he has bravely carried out essential tasks without flinching and in the spirit of noblest charity.

COMTE declared that in philosophy the question "Why?" had given way to the more scientific question "How?" He was probably not entirely correct. It is true, however, that good deeds progress from theory to practice according as one stops reasoning as to why a thing ought to be done and begins to roll up sleeves and inquire into methods. During many years, for example, we have been reasoning more or less enthusiastically—though much sleep was not, perhaps, lost over the matter—about "why" something like Catholic endeavor in the field of general literature ought to be developed in the United States. Indeed, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enumeration of "reasons" became exceedingly long and most impressive. The "how" aspect of the problem remained almost unexplored, however. Now Father Wynne's Universal Knowledge Foundation proposes an answer and a solution, very interesting though possibly tentative. "The editors aim," says the prospectus, "at enabling Catholic writers to enter the field of general literature in the language which is now the most widely used in the civilized world. Instead of continuing to write, as we do now for the most part, on Catholic matters and for Catholics only, the time seems opportune to broadcast our messages to the world about us."

THE Universal Knowledge Foundation is to be something like the broadcasting station. The speakers are to be numerous able writers and men of affairs, and the topics are to be legion. At present the program seems to envisage particularly history, science and literary criticism. No better warrant for success can be imagined than the enthusiastic sendoff meeting held at the offices of the Foundation on November 4, and graced by the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York assisted by Bishop Shahan of Washington University. Among the many gracious and vital phrases uttered by His Eminence, The Commonweal takes pardonable pride in his reference to a recent editorial in its own columns calling upon wealth in Catholic hands to devote itself in increasing measure to the cause of culture and the humanities. "This is the true American spirit," commented His Eminence, after referring to a long list of patrons of the arts and humanities who have sat in the Chair of Peter to show in how noble a line the leading men and women of our country may enroll themselves, if they will.

## FINISHING THE UNFINISHED

THAT some things must be left precisely as they are is a comparatively modern principle, but so many people swear by it that opposition can create a row any time. A group of persons organized as the Schubert Centennial Committee recently appeared with a declaration that among their efforts to awaken renewed interest in the work of the illustrious composer would be the sponsoring of a "prize award" for a composition adequately completing the Unfinished Symphony. So great a disturbance followed this announcement that the "award" has since been withdrawn. Every major newspaper which devotes space to musical events has bristled with adjectives supplied by leading composers and critics in denunciation of the "outrage." Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who now adds to the musical reputation of Detroit, proved particularly angry and loqacious. He said bluntly that Tom, Dick and Harry might just as well be expected to supply arms for the Venus of Milo as to be invited to compose what Schubert left undone. Admittedly all this furious controversy has not produced that tranquillity of mind which seems the proper prelude to an enthusiastic Schubert centennial. But serenity and recollection are never greatly prized by those who see a principle at stake. Witness, for instance, the bibliographical proceedings of Mayor Thompson!

Precisely why ought no one to finish the unfinished? It is interesting to note, first of all, that the query occurs only with reference to the domain of art. The theory of natural selection was not dropped like a hot coal once Darwin had done all he could to state it. Owners of houses proceed unabashed to alter the residential contour if the family needs more room—even until, like the famous birthplace of Orpheus C. Kerr, it has so many gables and turrets that a stroke of lightning finds it impossible to decide which one to hit upon. In literature there has, of course, been a great deal of pother about purity of texts. The middle-ages used the Greek thinkers in versions badly jumbled with Arabic interpolations, and once the revival of learning had set in, nothing would do but Aristotle in the original. Nevertheless, all this doctrinal purity was really non-essential. Everybody to whom Greek philosophy is a living reality realizes that the important thing is not texts but the fact that the thought itself has come down through a never-ending series of alert and virile thinkers.

Only in art is the interdict against tinkering really effective. Even here, of course, efficacy is guaranteed by the system of official curators established by custom and reverence. An era like the middle-ages, when art was preserved chiefly by popular tradition, dealt almost ruthlessly with masterpieces, unfinished or otherwise. Chartres is a Gothic cathedral built on top of a Romanesque cathedral; and one of its towers was paired with the other in a mood that seems most disrespectful of artistic "sacredness." In literature, the situation was much the same. Somebody altered and rounded out Shakespeare. Even Milton manipulated rather than translated Vondel. And music? The complex of ecclesiastical melody is such that one cannot divine what part of the existing harmony was the work of any single individual.

In spite of all this, it is most certainly true that all of us experience throes of revulsion when somebody announces a prize for finishing a Schubert symphony. Our reverence for something holy has been outraged, our sense of proportion has been flouted. We think of clammy hands reaching into aristocratic silences, of rude clamor disturbing classic calm. And yet, at bottom, this feeling may be nothing else than too subjective a concept of art. To the "genius" we attribute an existence so aloof from the rest of life, so indifferent to objective forces and popular conviction, that if he really lived so, his career would be Robinson-Crusoesque indeed. After all, a good many players here and there do play Schubert with variations of their own invention. That is possibly the finest tribute he could receive.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A LETTER FROM WILLA CATHER

TO THE Editor of The Commonweal:—You have asked me to give you a short account of how I happened to write Death Comes for the Archbishop.

When I first went into the Southwest some fifteen years ago, I stayed there for a considerable period of time. It was then much harder to get about than it is today. There were no automobile roads and no hotels off the main lines of railroad. One had to travel by wagon and carry a camp outfit. One traveled slowly, and had plenty of time for reflection. It was then very difficult to find anyone who would tell me anything about the country, or even about the roads. One of the most intelligent and inspiriting persons I found in my travels was a Belgian priest, Father Haltermann, who lived with his sister in the parsonage behind the beautiful old church at Santa Cruz, New Mexico, where he raised fancy poultry and sheep and had a wonderful vegetable and flower garden. He was a florid, full-bearded farmer priest, who drove about among his eighteen Indian missions with a spring wagon and a pair of mules. He knew a great deal about the country and the Indians and their traditions. He went home during the war to serve as a chaplain in the French army, and when I last heard of him he was an invalid.

The longer I stayed in the Southwest, the more I felt that the story of the Catholic Church in that country was the most interesting of all its stories. The old mission churches, even those which were abandoned and in ruins, had a moving reality about them; the hand-carved beams and joists, the utterly unconventional frescoes, the countless fanciful figures of the saints, no two of them alike, seemed a direct expression of some very real and lively human feeling. They were all fresh, individual, first-hand. Almost every one of those many remote little adobe churches in the mountains or the desert had something lovely that was its own. In lonely, sombre villages in the mountains the church decorations were sombre, the martyrdoms bloodier, the grief of the Virgin more agonized, the figure of Death more terrifying. In warm, gentle valleys everything about the churches was milder. I used to wish there were some written account of the old times when those churches were built; but I soon felt that no record of them could be as real as they are themselves. They are their own story, and it is a foolish convention that we must have everything interpreted for us in written language. There are other ways of telling what one feels, and the people who built and decorated those many, many little churches found their way and left their message.

May I say here that within the last few years some of the newer priests down in that country have been taking away from those old churches their old homely images and decorations, which have a definite artistic and historic value, and replacing them by conventional, factory-made church furnishings from New York? It is a great pity. All Catholics will be sorry about it, I think, when it is too late, when all those old paintings and images and carved doors that have so much feeling and individuality are gone—sold to some collector in New York or Chicago, where they mean nothing.

During the twelve years that followed my first year in New Mexico and Arizona I went back as often as I could, and the story of the Church and the Spanish missionaries was always what most interested me; but I hadn't the most remote idea of trying to write about it. I was working on things of a very different nature, and any story of the Church in the Southwest was certainly the business of some Catholic writer, and not mine at all.

Meanwhile Archbishop Lamy, the first Bishop of New Mexico, had become a sort of invisible personal friend. I had heard a great many interesting stories about him from very old Mexicans and traders who still remembered him, and I never passed the life-size bronze of him which stands under a locust tree before the Cathedral in Santa Fé without wishing that I could learn more about a pioneer churchman who looked so well-bred and distinguished. In his pictures one felt the same thing, something fearless and fine and very, very well-bred—something that spoke of race. What I felt curious about was the daily life of such a man in a crude frontier society.

Two years ago, in Santa Fé, that curiosity was gratified. I came upon a book printed years ago on a country press at Pueblo, Colorado: The Life of the Right Reverend Joseph P. Machebeuf, by William Joseph Howlett, a priest who had worked with Father Machebeuf in Denver. The book is an admirable piece of work, almost as revelatory about Father Lamy as about Father Machebeuf, since the two men were so closely associated from early youth. Father Howlett had gone to France and got his information about Father Machebeuf's youth direct from his sister, Philomène. She gave him her letters from Father Machebeuf, telling all the little details of his life in New Mexico, and Father Howlett inserted dozens of them, splendidly translated, into his biography. At last I found out what I wanted to know about how the country and the people of New Mexico seemed to those first missionary priests from France. Without these letters in Father Howlett's book to guide me, I would certainly never have dared to write my book. Of course, many of the incidents I used were experiences of my own, but in these letters I learned how experiences very similar to them affected Father Machebeuf and Father Lamy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My book was a conjunction of the general and the particular, like most works of the imagination. I had all my life wanted to do something in the style of legend, which is absolutely the reverse of dramatic treatment. Since I first saw the Puvis de Chavannes frescoes of the life of Saint Geneviève in my student days, I have wished that I could try something a little like that in prose; something without accent, with none of the artificial elements of composition. In the Golden Legend the martyrdoms of the saints are no more dwelt upon than are the trivial incidents of their lives; it is as though all human experiences, measured against one supreme spiritual experience, were of about the same importance. The essence of such writing is not to hold the note, not to use an incident for all there is in it—but to touch and pass on. I felt that such writing would be a delightful kind of discipline in these days when the "situation" is made to count for so much in writing, when the general tendency is to force things up. In this kind of writing the mood is the thing—all the little figures and stories are mere improvisations that come out of it. What I got from Father Machebeuf's letters was the mood, the spirit in which they accepted the accidents and hardships of a desert country, the joyful energy that kept them going. To attempt to convey this hardihood of spirit one must use language a little stiff, a little formal, one must not be afraid of the old trite phraseology of the frontier. Some of those time-worn phrases I used as the note from the piano by which the violinist tunes his instrument. Not that there was much difficulty in keeping the pitch. I did not sit down to write the book until the feeling of it had so teased me that I could not get on with other things. The writing of it took only a few months, because the book had all been lived many times before it was written, and the happy mood in which I began it never paled. It was like going back and playing the early composers after a surfeit of modern music.

One friendly reviewer says that to write the book I soaked myself in Catholic lore; perhaps it would have been better if I had. But too much information often makes one pompous, and it's rather deadening. Some things I had to ask about. I had no notion of the manner in which a missionary from the new world would be received by the Pope, so I simply asked an old friend, Father Dennis Fitzgerald, the resident priest in Red Cloud, Nebraska, where my parents live. He was a student in Rome in his youth, so I asked him to tell me something about the procedure of a formal audience with the Pope. There again I had to exercise self-restraint, for he told me such interesting things that I was strongly tempted to make Father Vaillant's audience stand out too much, to particularize it. Knowledge that one hasn't got first-hand is a dangerous thing for a writer, it comes too easily!

Writing this book (the title, by the way, which has caused a good deal of comment, was simply taken from Dürer's Dance of Death) was like a happy vacation from life, a return to childhood, to early memories. As a writer I had the satisfaction of working in a special genre which I had long wished to try. As a human being, I had the pleasure of paying an old debt of gratitude to the valiant men whose life and work have given me so many hours of pleasant reflection in far-away places where certain unavoidable accidents and physical discomforts gave me a feeling of close kinship with them. In the main, I followed the life story of the two Bishops very much as it was, though I used many of my own experiences, and some of my father's. In actual fact, of course, Bishop Lamy died first of the two friends, and it was Bishop Machebeuf who went to his funeral. Often have I heard from the old people of how he broke down when he rose to speak and was unable to go on.

I am amused that so many of the reviews of this book begin with the statement, "This book is hard to classify." Then why bother? Many more assert vehemently that it is not a novel. Myself, I prefer to call it a narrative. In this case I think that term more appropriate. But a novel, it seems to me, is merely a work of the imagination in which a writer tries to present the experiences and emotions of a group of people by the light of his own. That is what he really does, whether his method is "objective" or "subjective."

I hope that I have told you what you wished to know about my book, and I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

WILLA CATHER.

## *Villanelle of His Preferences*

Since you prefer light words and gay,
Fearful of love too grave and deep,
I shall break my heart this way!

Smiling and debonair, I'll say
My days are pleasant and calm my sleep,
Since you prefer light words and gay.

Nor shall I ever hint at grey
And desolate vigils that I keep.
I shall break my heart this way!

I shall not name the dark dismay
Athwart day's difficult road and steep,
Since you prefer light words and gay.

Hushed be my sorrow, if you may
From trivial song some pleasure reap.
I shall break my heart this way!

Most stern beloved, I thrust away
Prayers not to plead, tears not to weep.
Since you prefer light words and gay,
I shall break my heart this way.

MUNA LEE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE EX-JESUIT ENIGMA

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WHEN Eugene Sue's novel, The Wandering Jew, which was incomparably the best seller of its day, was at the top of its wave of popularity, a Paris publisher proposed to a brilliant writer, Paul Feval, that Eugene Sue and his publisher should not be left unrivaled in coining money by attacking Jesuits. When Feval objected that Sue and the Constitutionnel (in which was being serialized the notorious romance that was to become the model for a thousand other "exposures" of alleged Jesuit plots, poisonings and deviltries of all descriptions) had got too big a start, the publisher shrugged his shoulder and replied: "There is still a fortune to be made out of the Jesuits. What is being served up now is old, worn-out matter, nothing but an appeal to the old hatred of priests. We want something different and I have bought a warehouse full."

What he meant was that he had purchased a mass of "documents," letters, unpublished memoirs, diplomatic correspondence and the like, which he believed to contain startling "revelations" highly discreditable to the Society of Jesus. So he offered Feval his price to construct from this matter a work directed against the Jesuits—not a mere piece of fictional travesty, like The Wandering Jew, but a solid work, so far as its foundations were concerned, a work that would offer historical support to the worst that had ever been charged against the followers of Saint Ignatius. Feval's book, however, never appeared. It may be said that nobody else, so far, has supplied it, unless it may be that the work now under consideration, by Dr. E. Boyd Barrett, is the long-sought-for demolition of the Jesuits.*

Feval, after spending a month reading the documents supplied by his publisher, finally wrote to him:

> Pardon me for returning your "documents" and your money, but I find that I undertook in a trifling way, and ignorantly, a task that does not become an honorable writer, and though I am utterly indifferent as far as religion goes, I am as careful of my literary honesty as I am of the apple of my eye. Understand, I am not attacking others' honor or honesty: opinions are free: I speak for myself alone. I have delayed longer than was necessary, perhaps, in writing you this, but I was anxious to keep my promise if possible. I have found out by reading your own "documents" that I had undertaken to calumniate, at so much a line, men who are not only innocent of all crime, but are useful citizens, benefactors of mankind, soldiers of science, peaceful conquerors, apostles, heroes, saints, whose only fault is having excelled all other bodies of men in bringing out by the strength of their arms, their sweat, their blood itself, what is perhaps the most astonishing work of civilization in modern times.

This letter was written thirty years before Feval's own conversion to the Catholic Church and the still later appearance of the book upon the Jesuits which in fact he did write, the shortest description of which would be that it is the very antithesis of the book he refused to write.

Dr. Barrett's book, written immediately after he had resigned from the order in which he served for twenty years, must be one of the most bitter condemnations of the Jesuits ever penned. At least it is difficult to imagine any work that could bring more serious charges forward, in a more determinedly hostile manner, than this. It is all very strange. Recently two American authors, both non-Catholics—Professor Sedgwick, of Harvard, and Dr. Paul Van Dyke, of Princeton—published books dealing with Saint Ignatius and the Jesuits. Both these writers undoubtedly had at their disposal the same anti-Jesuit literature, particularly the books of George Tyrrell and Baron von Hoensbroech, both of them former Jesuits, as Dr. Barrett makes use of. Nevertheless both Professor Sedgwick and Dr. Van Dyke, while far from accepting or approving the whole claim for the achievements of the Jesuits that is summarized in the panegyric of Feval, quoted above, certainly do give support to that view of the brethren of the black robe which seems to be prevalent among educated and civilized students of religion and life, namely, that Ignatius founded an organization which, on the whole, has served the highest and best interests of Christendom. Yet Dr. Barrett, living and working as a Jesuit for twenty years, wholly condemns that organization, and states that through his condemnation

> Good can come to those who exercise influence in making young men join the ranks of the Society. The sad and tragic holocaust of fine young men, the continual sacrifice, that from generation to generation is offered on the altar of Jesuitism, can at least be diminished as a result of my story. Mothers who read this book will hesitate before urging their pious sons to seek for happiness and holiness where it is seldom to be found. Catholics will be spared that injustice to their Faith which consists in pointing to Jesuits and Jesuitism as its highest embodiment.

The book whose object is thus described by its author—again we use his own words—

> begins with a brief historical sketch of the origin and development of the Society of Jesus, for the convenience of those who know little about the Jesuits. This sketch is followed by some illustrations of how Jesuit writers, whose writings are before the American public, interpret

**The Jesuit Enigma, by E. Boyd Barrett. New York: Boni and Liveright. $4.00.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> themselves and the events of their history. As regards "sources" I rely mainly on my own experiences and on the Rules, Constitutions and official documents of the order. The works of two ex-Jesuits, Baron von Hoensbroech, a high-minded German scholar, and George Tyrrell, a brilliant, sensitive English critic, were of use to me, for I could understand the men behind their pages.

Dr. Barrett also quotes from Joseph McCabe's book against the Jesuits, Mr. McCabe being a former Franciscan priest, later one of the leaders in the Secularist Society of London. Moreover, Dr. Barrett freely employs the most sweeping attacks upon Ignatius and the Jesuits made by Carlyle, although Dr. Barrett himself points out that Carlyle

> did not know much about the Jesuits, but he found the mind of his century tainted with insincerity, and by a true or false intuition, without any historical research into the matter, he traced the evil to Ignatius.

This passage reveals fully the method followed by Dr. Barrett. The words and works of Ignatius and of the Jesuit leaders following Ignatius, and everything said, written or done by Jesuit historians, apologists and commentators is interpreted, judged and condemned by Dr. Barrett according to the standard he himself has arrived at, with the help of the opinions entertained by other ex-Jesuits and ex-Catholics and of the most extreme anti-Jesuit views and accusations held or made by outright opponents and enemies of the Society.

The section of the book in which Dr. Barrett relates the story of his own career in the Society comes last in point of order, but it is by far the most important section, as it explains and illustrates how he reached the state of mind which caused the book to be written, and which pervades every page of it with the poison of hatred. It begins with a scene at the Jesuit novice house at Tullabeg where, at the age of twenty-two, the author says:

> I vowed solemnly that I would pass my whole life, as a Jesuit, according to the Jesuit Constitutions, in poverty, chastity, and obedience. I made my vows without reserve, and with deep sincerity of purpose, for my heart was then full of love for the Society of Jesus, which I believed to be the noblest, holiest and most wonderful institution that the world had ever seen.

Long before this he had gone to school to the Jesuits, who, when he first met them,

> seemed to me unlovable, strange beings, doing everything for a purpose and nothing spontaneously, somewhat dark and ill-omened, and my first impression was that of dislike. I yearned for a simple warm-hearted approach. I thought that all good people should be warm-hearted and I felt disappointed and rebuked by the coldness of the Jesuits.

This impression, however, was as fruitless in warning him that temperamentally he was unfitted for a highly disciplined organization as was the ominous appearance, shortly before he left home for school, of the spectral figure of a gaunt woman that came to him in a churchyard, waving her arms and wailing; an apparition which he was to see on two other occasions, the last time when he left the Society. It is a painful story throughout, so plainly, even if at times unconsciously, does the author depict his temperamental uncongeniality with the life he had entered and its restrictions. To thousands of other men these restrictions are the material they utilize for lives of the utmost fulfilment and of usefulness to others. But against them a smoldering resentment burned in his soul year after year, until it finally burst into the flame of hatred.

Hatred is a very harsh word to use in judging this lamentable book. The author himself pleads for a fair and sympathetic hearing. He writes:

> I know of no better way of terminating this preface than by appealing, in the very words which Ignatius himself, the founder of the Jesuits, appealed for a fair and sympathetic hearing in his book, The Spiritual Exercises. "It must be presupposed," he wrote, "that every pious Christian ought with a more ready mind to put a good sense upon the opinion of another than to condemn it; but if he can in no way defend it, let him inquire its meaning of the writer; and if the latter's logic be faulty, let him correct it in a kindly way; if this suffice not, let him try all suitable means by which he may help him to think correctly."

The present reviewer, although not daring to claim to be "a pious Christian," would desire to be as fair and sympathetic as possible in hearing Dr. Barrett's views. He would adopt, so far as he may, the recommendation of Saint Ignatius, made his own by Dr. Barrett. And, so endeavoring "to put a good sense upon the opinion" of Dr. Barrett regarding the Society of Jesus, rather than to condemn it, he inquires of Dr. Barrett the precise meaning to be attached to the following paragraph (on page 33 of the first chapter):

> The Pope in question, Paul IV, hated Spaniards and regarded all Jesuits as Spaniards. He tried in vain to get rid of the order in toto by combining it with the Theatines. Next, he sought to reform the order, but found there were limits to Jesuit obedience. He commanded that Jesuits should sing office in choir like other orders, and that their generals should only be elected for a period of three years. Lainez and Salmeron called on him to enlighten him; a proceeding that became the custom of the order in similar cases. The reception of the emissaries was far from friendly, but a little time was gained and the Pope "providentially" died before he could enforce his will. Later on we shall come across similar "providential deaths" in the case of Sixtus V and Innocent XI.

Dr. Barrett, of course knows that the Jesuits have been accused by innuendo, insinuation and open statements, but all devoid, as his own words are devoid, of any scrap of evidence, of having murdered those three

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Popes. And what meaning can be attached to his own paragraph save the one insinuated by the adroit use of italic letters and quotation marks in connection with the operative words "enlighten," "providentially" and "providential death," namely, that Dr. Barrett desires to spread and emphasize the same accusation?

Again, he writes as follows:

> Occasionally, it [the order] wakes up to a sense of its decay and makes a bold bid to attract attention and to regain popularity, as when during the great war it vociferously chanted the chauvinist songs of the warring nations, *and recalled its missionaries from the Far East to don khaki and shoulder rifles.* [Italics ours.]

Does not Dr. Barrett know that France was the only country requiring its clergymen citizens to become, in some cases, combatants; that this requirement was a matter of French law; and that Trappists and priests of other religious societies were victims of the same horrible law, together with Jesuits?

Again, while himself recalling that large sums of money have been offered by Jesuit superiors on various occasions to anyone who could prove that the Society taught the doctrine that "the end justifies the means," and that although many have tried to do so (including Dr. Barrett's authority, the Baron von Hoensbroech), none have succeeded, Dr. Barrett writes a long chapter to show, as he considers, that while it cannot be proven from the writings of Jesuits that they hold or have held that pernicious doctrine, as a matter of fact they do practise it. As one proof, he says that novices are deceived into joining the order because "Jesuit novices are not given a true picture of the Society." As the only picture of the Society accepted as true by Dr. Barrett is that supplied by the writings of those who condemn it, like himself, this complaint sounds more than a little frivolous. Again, Dr. Barrett accuses the Jesuits of double-dealing in that they profess undeviating obedience to the Pope to be one of their most cherished principles, and yet they disobeyed Pope Clement XIV, who abolished the Society, by coming to life again at the behest of another Pope, and by adversely criticizing Popes who disapproved of them. Yet Dr. Barrett himself, who nowhere in his book says that he is not still a Catholic, is able to say that "one is forced by a consideration of its [the Society's] history to wonder what aberration of mind swayed a Pope to say, as he glanced over the Jesuit Constitutions, 'digitus Dei est hic'—'the finger of God is here.'" Dr. Barrett, of course, knows that if the Pope—led and deeply influenced by considerations having to do with the political as well as the religious conditions of the times—suppressed the Society of Jesus, scores of Popes have blessed and approved its manifold activities. But Dr. Barrett, presumably, would not pay any attention to the support and favor given by the Church, as the Church, to the Jesuits. He says:

> It matters, after all, very little, whether this or that particular scandal be true or false. . . . What is of importance is to discover, by a careful analysis of Jesuitism, how far it is consonant with the spirit of Christ, and how far that peculiar attitude of superiority and self-righteousness that characterizes the order is pathological.

However, when we find Dr. Barrett applying the methods of a somewhat naïve psychoanalysis to Saint Ignatius himself, and on the basis of his personal judgment utterly condemning a great organization undoubtedly accepted by the Church to which Dr. Barrett himself belongs, one may be forgiven for wondering if something pathological does not enter into such an attitude. As a psychoanalyst, Dr. Barrett believes that, if a certain unnamed "fair lady, higher in rank than a countess or a duchess," who was "his [Ignatius's] passion" in his younger days, had "accepted his advances, no doubt the Jesuit Order would never have been founded, nor would Ignatius, as Carlyle cruelly puts it, have tried so 'many plans to make his ego available on earth.'"

Again, in a later description which deals with the mystic travail at Manresa after Ignatius's conversion, when, according to Dr. Barrett, "distraught, almost crazy, he fought his lonely fight, afraid of hell, afraid of damnation, and appalled at the prospect of a long life of penance," and could see "no way out of his dilemma save by perseverance," Dr. Barrett finds no juster way to complete the picture he draws than again by quoting Carlyle (who "knew very little about the Jesuits," and reached his conclusions, "true or false, by intuition," as Dr. Barrett shows elsewhere). And this is the judgment of Carlyle, which Dr. Barrett seems to make his own, upon Ignatius, the saint of the Church which Dr. Barrett says he is trying to purge of Jesuitism:

> Had he been a good man he should have consented at this point to be damned. . . . To cower, silent and ashamed, into some dim corner, and resolve to make henceforth as little noise as possible. That would have been modest, salutary. . . for this degraded, ferocious Human Pig, one of the most perfect scoundrels.

That the Society of Jesus, as one organization among scores of others within the Catholic Church, like organizations outside the Church, is open to criticism, even the most drastic criticism, is of course a true proposition. But Dr. Barrett in this book is neither fair nor sympathetic. His own story is tragic, and its reading must arouse much sympathy. But that his own failure should be the criterion by which he may justly estimate the value of the Society of Jesus cannot possibly be allowed by any reader other than those who will make of this deplorable and mistaken volume an endless storehouse of accusations of the kind already so familiar, namely, that Jesuits murder Popes, strangle the Church's beneficent efforts, justify evil means by ends they consider good, etc., etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE IRON HAND IN MEXICO: II

By FRANCIS McCULLAGH

IN MY last article I recounted several murders that were committed in Mexico by the present dictator of that country, President Calles. This week I shall give others.

One of the most moving is the extremely well authenticated case of Father Uribe, who was murdered near Cuernavaca, at about the same spot where the unfortunate General Francisco Serrano was assassinated so very recently by the order of President Calles.

Father Uribe was a priest thirty-five years of age, and his life was so exemplary that he was regarded as a saint. He is now regarded as a martyr, not without reason, as the reader will soon see for himself. When a young man at the seminary, he had led such a saintly life that he was ordained at the age of twenty-five, and soon made parish priest of Iguala. When Calles began hostilities against the Church in 1926, Father Uribe refused to register, and had therefore to leave his parish, his comfortable house, his books and his friends, and to go into hiding. On March 27, 1927, he happened to be in the small town of Bona Vista, near Iguala, where he heard that one of his parishioners in Iguala lay dying, and was extremely anxious to see him. He therefore returned to Iguala by train, in civil dress, of course, but as ill luck would have it, he met on the train a Callista official whom he knew and who knew him—General Castrajon.

The General, one feels, might have had the courtesy to leave common police work to the police, but as he is not made that way, he approached Father Uribe and asked him severely why he had not registered. The priest explained. The General was not satisfied, and assured Father Uribe that if he did register he would be appointed bishop. When the priest still refused, the General lost his temper and told him to consider himself under arrest. The prisoner was afterward taken to Cuernavaca and confined there in the common jail.

I might pause here again to remind the reader that all this procedure was illegal, even according to Calles's own laws. A warrant should first have been taken out in due form, and, when arrested, the priest should have been sent to the federal capital. But, as I have pointed out in my former paper on this unhappy country, constant violation of its own laws—when such violation is materially advantageous—is a leading characteristic of the Calles régime. Calles's path to the dictatorship which he now holds is paved with breaches of the theoretically sacrosanct Queretaro Constitution.

Now in Cuernavaca there was another General who, in the free-and-easy way that Mexican generals have, used to commandeer private motor-cars in which to carry his numerous prisoners to and fro. One of the cars he thus commandeered belonged to a woman whose chauffeur and secretary gave the following evidence, confirmed on oath. In deference to the expressed wishes of my informant I refrain from giving their names.

One night, according to these affidavits, a sergeant commandeered the car as usual, and had it brought around to the jail where four soldiers, armed with rifles got into it. With the soldiers was a prisoner in civilian dress.

Acting on instructions from his employer, the secretary always went with the car on these outings so that he could see that it was not stolen outright. He went on this occasion. The sergeant directed the chauffeur to drive to a lonely wood on the outskirts of the town, and, having reached this wood, the soldiers got out, bringing the prisoner with them. The sergeant, who remained in the car with the other two, seemed in high good humor, but he did not a say a word about the mission on which he had come. It was all clear, however, when several rifle shots rang out from the recesses of the wood, and when, a few moments later, the four soldiers returned without their prisoner. They got into the car and drove back, and the sergeant, gay as ever, thought the incident had ended. But he was mistaken, for though such assassinations took place nightly, this one attracted special attention because of the disappearance of Father Uribe and of the great veneration in which he was held by the people. Having heard of the incident, some of his friends from Bona Vista went to the wood and found there the dead body of the priest, who had been killed by these bullets from Mexican service rifles. They brought back the body to Bona Vista and interred it in the cemetery there; but the general opinion is that it will yet rest under an altar, since Father Uribe was certainly a martyr whose canonization is only a matter of time.

On the night before his death he was able to send from prison an extraordinarily touching letter in which he said that he was to die on the morrow, but that he forgave all his enemies and prayed for them. This letter, of which I possess a copy, will probably be one of the documents taken into consideration when the process of this brave priest's canonization is begun at Rome.

The official account of his murder consists of five words—"Shot while attempting to escape"—five words which have been made to cover several thousand murders committed by policemen or soldiers during the past year. This system of official murder is so old and so well established in Mexico that it has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acquired for itself a special name—the "ley fuga," or "flight law."

"Like lynch law," Calles might reply.

Yes, like lynch law; but lynch law is not administered by judges of the Supreme Court in this country, or by magistrates, or military officers, whereas the "ley fuga" is practised very extensively in Mexico by generals in the army, and by high civil officials in the government. It is said to have originated in an order of Porfirio Diaz that his police might shoot any prisoner who attempted to escape, but it eventually came to be used as one of the means of putting to death prisoners whom the government wanted to kill but against whom it had no charge justifying execution. The marked man was simply arrested, taken to a lonely spot, and there killed, a statement being afterward given out, if necessary, to the effect that he had been "shot while trying to escape."

In the time of Diaz, this law was violently denounced in the United States. Why is it not denounced now, when it is far more extensively practised? Do our great philanthropic and humanitarian associations only denounce wrong when it is practised by Conservative and Catholic governments, never when it is practised by communist and anti-Catholic governments? By whomever it is practiced, of course, it is wrong.

The "ley fuga" is now so well established an institution in Mexico that the censorship makes no objection to the newspapers nonchalantly chronicling instances of its application almost every day. I shall take a typical case from the Universal of June 27. It occurred on June 26; and I give it because I happened to be in Mexico City at the time, and clipped it out of the paper.

Señor Edward Fernandez de Lara, a landowner of Tlaxcala, near Apizaco, was arrested without a warrant by General Bartolo Rodriguez, who is chief of the Tlaxcala section of military operations. (I should explain that all the disturbed portions of the country are, at present, parceled out among military chiefs, all of them friends of Calles for the moment, and all of them busy feathering their nests by murder, blackmail and terrorism.) There was no trial, no investigation of any kind, and the prisoner, who was charged with belonging to the League for the Defence of Religious Liberty, was not allowed to make a statement or to communicate with any of his friends. Consequently, those friends were not surprised when the next thing they heard of him was that he had been "shot while attempting to escape." Soon afterward General Bartolo Rodriguez concocted and gave out an official statement to the effect that de Lara had "confessed his crime," and said that "in Acocotla and other places there were hidden stores of arms which he would be glad to hand over to the authorities." The General added: "He was conducted, under escort, to Acocotla in order to find those arms, but attempted to escape on the way and was shot."

I mentioned in my last article the illegal persecution to which all Catholic associations in Mexico are being subjected. One of these associations is the Society of Catholic Youth, a counterpart of the famous French organization known as La Jeunesse Catholique, which has done such excellent work in France since the war. It consisted mostly of young people, both young men and young women, and all of them whom I met were well educated, well behaved, studious, with high ideals of government, of conduct and of social service. Under a civilized administration such a society could do infinite good; but under an uncivilized, corrupt, cynical and half-savage administration like that of Calles, its very existence was a reproach; consequently, it was suppressed with a ruthlessness which excited curiously little comment in the rest of the world. Before it was suppressed, young ladies belonging to the Guadalajara Branch had posted themselves at the doors of cinemas and other places of public amusement and asked people not to attend them. This was part of the boycott, which may have been wise or unwise, but which was certainly not illegal. Yet those girls were arrested by the police, dragged through the streets, fined and then sent to prison.

This outrage was perpetrated in open daylight, in the city of Guadalajara, the second or third largest city in Mexico. Mr. Dwyer, the American consul, reported it to his government. Captain Holm, the British vice consul, reported it to his government.

When a strike is called in some factory by the C. R. O. M., and all the workers march out, they do not need to picket the door for a gendarme takes his stand under the red flag hoisted above the entrance and prevents anyone from entering the works until the employer gives way: in other words, the state does the picketing. But when, for a religious purpose, girls of education and refinement picket a theatre or a cinema, the police do not merely take their names and afterward serve them with summonses; they arrest them, drag them brutally through the streets and lock them up, generally in the same cell as prostitutes, sometimes in the same room as drunken soldiers.

I had the honor of meeting the president of the Society of Catholic Youth in Mexico City: naturally, he was "on the run," and in disguise. He is a young layman, a distinguished lawyer, and all that he told me made a very great impression on me. I asked him about his society, and he told me that in every Mexican town it had meeting halls, libraries and study circles. It was the germ out of which a great organization might have grown, but now its leading members are dead, in prison, abroad or in hiding. There were over six thousand Conservatives in prison on July 1 of this year, and fifty-four members of the Society of Youth had been killed.

He told me how Joaquín de Silva y Carrasco and Manuel Melgarejo, both members of his organization, had met death; and though the story is not new

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the readers of The Commonweal, it was new to me then, and moved me profoundly. Joaquín was twenty-seven years of age and Melgarejo seventeen; neither of them was making war on the government: no weapon was found on them, only religious propaganda. The life of Joaquín was so exemplary and his death so heroic that his intercession is already solicited by pious Catholics all over Mexico, and there is a widespread demand for his canonization. The president of the Society gave me a long list of miraculous cures that had been wrought as a result of prayer in his name; and, doubtless, these will be inquired into by the competent authority when the proper time comes.

When told that he and his companion must die, he said:

"As for me, kill me or do with me what you will, but as for this youth, who is only seventeen years old, let him go free."

The boy answered rapidly, however, "No, Joaquín, I wish to die with thee."

Even the officer in charge of the military party told off to shoot them seems to have been so touched by the bravery of these two that he wired to Calles personally to know if he was to shoot them or to send them to Mexico City. Calles's reply consisted of one word: "Fusílelos"—"Shoot them."

On their way from the barracks where they were imprisoned to the cemetery where they were shot they said the rosary out loud. Before the fatal volley was fired, Joaquín declined to be blindfolded. "I am not a criminal," he said, "I myself will give you the signal to fire. When I cry 'Long live Christ the King! Long live the Virgin of Guadalupe!' then you may fire."

Upon this one of the soldiers threw down his rifle and said: "I will not fire. I think as you do. I am a Catholic." This soldier was immediately arrested, and was himself shot the next day.

Joaquín, when all was ready for the final order, said to Melgarejo: "Take off your hat for we are going to appear before God." Then turning to the soldiers he cried "Viva Cristo Rey! Viva la Virgen de Guadalupe!" These were his last words.

Why did not the great New York dailies carry this story? Why were no American reporters present? Why were the Sunday supplements silent? Perhaps it was as well. An infinitely greater Sacrifice, which was at the same time the most stupendous event in human history, was consummated without eliciting a single comment from contemporary poets and historians; and Augustus Caesar probably went to his grave in complete ignorance of it. Yet that sacrifice regenerated the earth, and in the same way the innocent blood that has been shed by Calles during the last year may regenerate Mexico.

I might add that my informant disappeared mysteriously the day after he told me this terrible narrative; and, as he had made engagements with me which he would not break, without letting me know, I concluded that he also had gone to join de Silva and Melgarejo.

But I had known him long enough to realize the falsity of the complaint, sometimes made even by American Catholics, that the Mexicans are incapable of ruling themselves, that there is not a strong, educated men among them. On the contrary, there are many strong, educated men in Mexico. There are lawyers, authors, professors, journalists, landowners and publicists whose standard of education and of honor is as high as that of any public man north of the Rio Grande. I have met many of these men; and I am convinced that excellent cabinet ministers, administrators and Presidents could be found among them. They are not in power because Calles, Obregon and the other Sonora gunmen have seized on the machinery of government, and cannot be got rid of by constitutional means. Moreover, in seizing on the machinery of government, these gunmen were powerfully assisted by the United States. Save in the time of Porfirio Diaz, the State Department has invariably helped that Mexican party which calls itself Liberal and Constitutional, and has invariably opposed the Catholic and Conservative parties. The present trouble in Mexico is due to the intervention of the United States in the past. That fact can be proved quite incontrovertibly from history.

## *The Dodo and the Gingko Tree*

Sprung of the men who found this land,
Sprung of their sons who tilled it,
Sprung of their sons whose rigid hand
Reined it, whose strong loins filled it
With sinister and dexter kin,
We stand, these lords' descendants,
Gaunt, gone to seed, misfitted in
An ailing superintendence.

Grace we have, of decaying kind,
Wit to greet any scourging,
A warped will and a hectic mind,
And a weak body's hot urging.
And the dodo went, and the gingko tree
Goes slowly, pampered and coddled:
And so, scions of the past, are we,
With souls and bodies addled.

Sprung of the men who lorded it
Over a new world's wonder,
We dodder with our sunset wit,
And never a clap of thunder
To mark this lessens, this dims, this goes,
This echo of a splendid
Hour that crumbles with Eden's rose,
Its last long agony ended.

Prince, let me summon your spectre out,
Gall's no unmanly quaffing;
We faint erect beneath the knout,
Laughing, still laughing.

CLEMENT WOOD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# RECRUDESCENT BIOGRAPHY

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

OUR literary history in the decade since the war presents on the whole no very exhilarating appearance. A sullen frost seems to have blighted our most promising artistic buds. In the drama, O'Neill shivers on his lonely eminence, unattended. In fiction, the largest achievement is one by Theodore Dreiser similar to work that he was doing in 1910. In poetry, where are the imagists now, where the Chicago group? Dead, dumb, lapsed into prose. Unless dulled by the roar of multitudinous mediocrity all about him, the critic must admit that our period is singularly barren in creative literature. The trend of the age veers more and more away from imagination toward reflection, and the most striking literary manifestation of the present is the recrudescence of biography.

In the larger sense, of course, the telling of tales of men's lives is probably as old as human language; fragments of autobiography form the staple of most men's (and women's) conversation; the garrulity of mankind is self-centered. But in the narrower sense, biography as a definite literary form has prospered only in certain periods: times of repose, times a little wearied by the turmoil of action and inclined toward the pleasures of memory rather than the pleasures of hope; and among peoples who prefer the lowlands of fact to the ideal delectable mountains. So it was not in the storm and stress of Greek life or among the imaginative Hellenes that biography and autobiography arose in the ancient world, but with the factual Romans and during the great peace of the empire. To be sure, even in the realm of fact imagination has the last word, and the Greek Plutarch stands above Caesar, Nepos, Suetonius and Tacitus in their field; but had Plutarch lived in the age of Pericles instead of in the age of the Caesars his Parallel Lives would have been written in the form of trilogies with the gods intervening in every epilogue. Similarly, it was after the tempestuous sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had died away in the relative calm of the eighteenth, and it was in France, where leisured living earliest developed into a fine art, that modern biography first came into its own. The present flair for biography is merely one of the many signs which indicate that the twentieth century is marching back from the nineteenth toward the eighteenth. Behind the movement lie innumerable causes, prominent among them the development of science and industry, the higher standards of comfort, the greater complexities of social life, the decline of the democratic ideal—all making for prose instead of poetry, fact instead of fancy.

Which is better, enthusiasm or sanity, idealization or realization, it is perhaps fruitless to discuss; even were poetry indubitably higher than prose (which it is not) no man can become a poet either by wishing or willing to become one; all that is left to the men of prose—and it is enough—is to be good men of prose. So, more pertinent than either lamentation or rejoicing at the contemporary triumph of biography over more creative forms, is a demand, if not for bigger, at least for better, biographies. In certain respects, it is true, the biographies that are being written today are for the most part superior to those of the past. Our biographers have borrowed to advantage some of the methods of the novelist; they arrange their material more carefully than of old; they show an aesthetic regard for emphasis and climax and the dramatic incident; the device of withheld information is skilfully utilized; their works are interesting, if nothing else—and interest is surely the first, if not the highest, requirement of all narrative. A new conception of biography as an art is quite definitely glimpsed, if not attained. Nor can it be said that in this adoption of the methods of fiction there has been any wholesale slaughter of the truth. On the contrary, new discoveries in psychology have made biographers more cautious in accepting human testimony at its face value, more determined in the effort to get behind asseverations and conscious motives to the underlying causes of action.

And yet the situation in biographical writing at the present moment is far from being a justification for unmixed rejoicing. Just as the newspaper has been permanently injured by yellow journalism, so this form may be permanently injured by yellow biography. The rapprochement with fiction, if thus far on the whole advantageous, is certainly full of peril—even such frankly fictitious works as Ariel and The Glorious Apollo tending toward the substitution in the popular mind of a sentimental Ariel or Apollo for the vastly more important real Shelley or Byron. The assistance of psychology is ambiguous owing to the facile employment of the most dubious results of psycho-analysis —as in Joseph Wood Krutch's intriguing but unconvincing Poe. Above all, the present vogue of the form constitutes an enormous danger, as the temptation to pander to the popular love of scandals and state secrets (the combination running The President's Daughter above the hundred thousand) is well-nigh irresistible to many weak brains and flowing pens.

In the Victorian period an injudicious hero-worship seems to have been the motive for the writing of most biographies; today our biographers are animated by an even stronger passion for denigration. Some of even the ablest of recent works have been in the nature of arguments by a prosecuting attorney; such, for example, as The Ordeal of Mark Twain, and The Pilgrimage of Henry James, by Van Wyck Brooks, or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paxton Hibben's just published Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Brooks and Mr. Hibben tell nothing but the truth, but they do not tell the whole truth. Mr. Brooks's wife-ridden conformist and his pilgrim journeying ever farther from the truth existed in Mark Twain and Henry James, just as Mr. Hibben's glorified Elmer Gantry existed in Beecher, but Mark Twain, James and Beecher were nevertheless larger than their otherwise excellent biographers permit us to suppose. A man is more than a thesis, even when his life happens to embody a thesis, and the perfect biographer will be satisfied with nothing less than the presentation of the whole man. On the other hand, these same three works, particularly the Mark Twain and the Beecher, defective through omission in the characterization of their central figures, are rich in background; imperfect biographies, they are excellent examples of the history of a period told through biography. And this suggests the further complicating proposition that the perfect biographer must also be a historian.

In all this confusion of standards and mingling of the good and the bad, one may welcome an effort to induce some order in the current chaos. This comes to us in the shape of Biography: The Literature of Personality,* by James C. Johnston, perhaps the first endeavor of any length to treat biography as a distinct form of art. The author begins his work with a brief historical introduction with which the only fault to be found is that too little space is given to the French; although he frequently acknowledges the superiority of French biography, especially in the personal mémoir, he devotes far more attention to English writers, presumably because their works are more familiar to his readers, although the same reason might equally well have led to exactly the opposite emphasis. He then proceeds to a classification and discussion of types, including under his subject, defined as "the literature of personality," not only formal biographies but confessions and memoirs, biographical essays (as developed by Johnson, Macaulay and Carlyle) letter-writing, table-talk and books of travel, all of which, with the exception of the last, clearly enough belong in the same field.

The treatment of the forgotten arts of conversation and correspondence unfortunately has only the mournful interest of a requiem, and the inclusion of works of travel seems a doubtful conquest of somewhat alien territory, but the rest of the book bears directly on our present problems. Particularly worthwhile is its discussion of biographical ideals. For the sentimental adage "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" Mr. Johnston would substitute the sterner "De mortuis nil nisi verum," truth not losing its admirable quality when it concerns the dead. "The inescapable standard of judgment of a biography as a work of art must be: Is this the man as he lived among his fellow-beings?" Mr. Johnston hews straight to this mark throughout his book; he has as little use for white-washing as for black-washing; he condemns Lady Shelley's eulogistic biography of Shelley (which by a curious slip he calls a "biography of her husband," momentarily confusing her with Mary Shelley) just as severely as he condemns Mrs. Stowe's attack on Byron. "Biography as a debt to friendship is as unpardonable as biography as a means of settling old scores." Judged by this single standard of the truth, Griswold's life of Poe was "a veritable literary crime" while Froude's Carlyle, which has been called "the unkindest and most scornful book in English literature," was nevertheless "one of the triumphs of biographic art."

On the ethical point raised, Mr. Johnston is surely right. To friend or foe one can say only as did Othello, whose words might well serve as a motto for every honest biography:

> Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice.

This is that even justice which every man has a right to demand of society; more than which no man has need or right to ask.

It has often been remarked, however, that there is a difference between truth and fact. A biography must be based on facts or it is naught; nevertheless facts in themselves are, as Mr. Johnston well says, hardly more than "source material." Behind the facts lie their interconnection and interpretation; questions of motive and causation; matters which must always be determined by more or less uncertain inference, where the biographer's judgment and knowledge of human nature are the main factors. For this reason there can never be such a thing as a definitive biography; each new generation may bring some new insight to the understanding of character. Thus when Mr. Johnston speaks of Plutarch as having "reached the important point of defining the individual exactly," he is speaking in loose terms inharmonious with his own general position.

Since the individual and society always interpenetrate, the biographer, it was hinted above, must also be something of a historian. But he must not be too much of a historian or the individual vanishes and only society remains. Mr. Johnston puts the distinction between biography and history from another point of view, very happily: "Biography is the story of a personality, while history proper is rather the generalization of biography." History as the more abstract is the more significant, but biography as the more concrete is the more basic and fundamental. Neither is independent of the other, yet each has its own methods and is a separate discipline.

Finally Mr. Johnston emphasizes the potential educational value in biography—potential in that, while it has been abundantly recognized by individuals, it has been curiously neglected in general educational theory and practice. In truth—although our author does not

*Biography: The Literature of Personality, by James C. Johnston. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

go as far as this—if American education is to be saved and its humanistic elements restored, this can only be done by an entire reorganization of the curriculum, centered about the social sciences, especially history. And the best approach to history for the average college student may well be through biography. Hence too much praise can hardly be given to Professor Ambrose White Vernon, the pioneer who at Carleton founded the first department of biography in any American college and who has latterly established a similar department at Dartmouth. Wittenberg also has its chair of biography; and it is only a question of time until other institutions will follow suit. Great movements always have small beginnings. It is quite on the cards that the humanizing of education in America may date from such apparently scattered efforts, and that the recrudescence of interest in biography may forecast a recrudescence of wisdom in education.

## TWO YEARS AND UPWARD

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THERE is a queer contrariness about the imagination of children which one can enjoy without trying to explain. A friend of mine is the proud mother of a boy aged six and a girl aged five. During a number of contemplative months she arrived at the conclusion that gravity, reflectiveness and a gift for prayer had been concentrated into the feminine portion of the nursery, leaving devilment and agnosticism rampant in the other section. Recently, however, Louis made his First Communion—with results which, to say the least, were extraordinary. The son and heir of the household suddenly developed a remarkable interest in saintliness; was seen engrossed in prayer under a tree in the garden; and finally, like the youthful Walter Pater, took to saying Mass. Meanwhile his sister displays an equally remarkable indifference to all this domestic liturgy. To be frank, it bores her frightfully, and she has been known to chatter during moments of great solemnity. Now of course I trust that the aspirations of Louis will abide—but I am really quite sure that in the end Margaret will be more distinguished in the art of saying prayers.

From personal observation I have discovered that a very little boy—in fact he is so small as hardly to have advanced beyond the stage of utter infancy—takes no interest in the curious mechanical contrivances with which I have tried to sharpen his mind for the great engineering and inventive career that is to be his, no interest either in the most elementary forms of religious petition, but instead is deeply engrossed in sundry pots and pans which prevail in the kitchen. With these he carries out a ritual extending all the way from energetic mixing, baking and cooking to scouring. And if the child really be the father of the man, I am forced to the somewhat doleful conclusion that the future must make room for somebody very like a chef.

But though there be curious twists in the imaginative fancy of childhood in so far as it is merely make-believe, the story of what happened to Louis may justify one's conviction that it is quite possible to develop the profound emotional imagination of children by setting before them something of heroic and inspiring stature. It is well also that one should think not merely of the heroic, but also of those human qualities without which grandeur remains extremely dull—of humor, of the relish for color, of generous but kindly enthusiasm. American parents have some excellent reasons for bearing these things in mind. One sees them phrased very pertinently in a paper contributed to the Atlantic Bookshelf by Miss Louise Seaman:

"To trust this power of childhood (the power to rise imaginatively to the level of great conceptions in literature)—that is our challenge. Our foreign-born children are our strongest allies. They are not yet bit by the bug of journalism, nor snared by the scraps on the radio, nor spoiled by great rich rows of carefully graded selections. They are close to the rhythm of long oral cadences in old tongues; they can still be concentrated and passionate and satiric. Our children are like them before the neat suburb, the automobile Sunday, and the leveling weight of proper primers and schedules has touched them. I believe in the open-minded good taste of the child left free to choose, and in its upward discipline, granted the stimulus of books gay to see, happy to hold, a bit wild, a lot funny, and very honest."

Fortunately Miss Seaman, being in charge of the Juvenile Book Department of the Macmillan Company, is in a position to do much on behalf of the program so intelligently enunciated. Sometimes her books are, relatively speaking, grown up, written as they are for boys and girls on the verge of maturity. Recently, however, her Department has taken the tiny tots into its confidence and issued the Happy Hours Books which, retailing at $.50 a copy, are really model publications for beginning readers. Here may be found the simple and always charming tales and rhymes—Wee Willie Winkie, Humpty Dumpty, Hansel and Gretel, Jack and the Beanstalk, The Pied Piper, and half a dozen more. Illustrated by a number of artists who know how to enchant little folks—G. M. Richards, Frank Dobias, Berta Hader—these books are packed full of color, excitement and fancifulness.

Children do not take their books as seriously as old Richard de Bury did his. And yet, when the entertainment is really good they are probably more thankful than the rest of us. There is, accordingly, much reason for believing that the world is growing more and more grateful every day.

## *Compensation*

Gently a flower withers,
Ah, let it die.
Bravely it spent its perfume
To the far sky.
None stopped to praise its budding,
None saw its bloom
Yielding to wind nor weather
Like a gay plume.

Perhaps up in the heavens,
A bird in flight,
Winging its eager journey
Far into night,
Found in the wind's soft breathing
That fragrance rare,
And in a paean of gladness,
Sang without care.

And, in a distant valley,
Someone in pain,
Hearing that lovely singer,
Praised God again.

EVELYN ELIZABETH WALSH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

## *Take My Advice*

IN THIS comedy by Elliott Lester, Ralph Morgan manages to diffuse considerable charm over a story whose chief merit is its entire lack of the unpleasant material so common to the Broadway playhouses today. It has the secondary merit of keeping the audience in a lively mood through a very obvious, although perfectly valid type of humor, the type that borders on the comic strip at times, and seldom rises above the level of the absurdities of adolescent love and the recriminations of the married. It is the kind of play that assures you of a lightly entertaining evening.

When Bradley Clement, the young professor at a boys' school, drops in on the Weaver family to find out why the seventeen-year-old Bud Weaver has left school, the household is in a rather sorry mess. Bud is in the throes of his first love affair with a girl who is some eight years his senior, and whose reputation would entitle her to be called a property vampire of the village. Weaver senior, against his best judgment, is about to invest in some worthless oil stocks as the easiest method of keeping his wife happy, and Ann Weaver, the daughter, is about to enter a fake acting school in New York on the advice of a promoter posing as an actor and playwright. Of course Ralph Morgan plays the part of the all-wise young professor, who in time and after many discouraging moments, finally puts the family affairs in order and wins Ann Weaver for himself.

In the hands of anyone but Mr. Morgan, Bradley Clement would probably appear as an unconvincing busybody. But Mr. Morgan manages to persuade us that he is always wiser than the words he utters. He is gifted with the quality of impregnable sincerity to which is added a quick and sparkling comedy sense and a gracious manner. He is also ably supported by Herbert Yost, as the fake actor, and the inimitable Ray Walburn, as the oil stock salesman. While this play is not one of the roaring comedy achievements of the year, it ought to have no trouble in finding a pleased and sympathetic audience. Its chief lack is the contrast of a few moments of fairly deep feeling. In treatment it borders too closely upon farce to have the full flavor of effective comedy.

## *John*

JOHN, a play by Philip Barry, giving in all seriousness and beauty his private interpretation of the last days of John the Baptist, will probably go on record as being one of the most distinguished failures of the season. It is this year's first production of the Actors' Theatre, staged and directed by Guthrie McClintic, with settings and costumes designed by Norman Bel Geddes, and with a cast that includes such well-known names as Jacob Ben-Ami, Constance Collier, Ralph Roeder and Anna Duncan. If names contribute distinction then John has it in abundance. But if distinction demands as well expert playwriting, judicious casting and faultless direction, then the failure of John may be easily accounted for, as it has none of these qualities.

First of all there is the work of the author. Mr. Barry, it will be recalled, contributed White Wings to last season and In a Garden to the season before that. Both plays contained much fine writing and the stimulus of novel treatment. But a curious artificiality pervaded them. The author seemed to be so fascinated by his own novel viewpoint and treatment that he failed to sink into the reality of his characters and to reach that point of emotional sincerity which grips the attention of an audience. In this respect, he has done better in John. There can be no question of the sincerity of its feeling. Yet it remains essentially a play that seeks to demonstrate Mr. Barry's own theory of the motives guiding the great prophet.

He sees John as champion of the Old Testament dispensation, convinced of the approaching day of the Messiah but utterly unprepared for the teachings of the new dispensation. When Herodias taunts him with the new doctrines of Christ —the meekness that turns the other cheek or the love that reaches even to one's enemies—John believes quite simply that she is lying to him. Nor does this John of Philip Barry's have any mystic conviction of the Divinity of Christ at the time of the Baptism at the Jordan. It is not until he is about to be beheaded that he accepts the Messiahship of Christ, and then only because he is convinced that he, John, cannot possibly die until the Messiah is at hand. Nor does he seem to have any foreknowledge or belief that the Messiah would also be Son of God. Instead, he refers to Him as a Man who will some day be visited in a mysterious way by the Spirit of God. Certainly there is nothing in this interpretation which derives either from the Bible itself or from the best known early commentators. We are quite justified in assuming that it is a view distinctly personal to Mr. Barry. The development of this view leads to digressions which slow up the action of the play.

In the actual telling of the story, Mr. Barry has done very little to heighten the intensity of his scenes. Beauty of expression alone or even emotional depth cannot supply all the requirements of the theatre. Poetry does have its reason for a separate existence. The greatest and most sincere of poems may often defy theatrical statement and Mr. Barry has written John more in the mood of the poet than of the playwright.

It might, however, emerge as a much finer evening in the theatre if Mr. McClintic had not failed disastrously both in the casting and in the direction. One can readily understand his desire to use Mr. Ben-Ami as John. Yet it is a well-known fact that this distinguished Yiddish actor has never been able to master English diction to a point where he can be readily understood or where his reading of lines gives them all the proper shading and emphasis. For Herodias Mr. McClintic imported Miss Constance Collier whose diction is as precise and meticulous as Mr. Ben-Ami's is blurred, and whose reading of lines seemed to lack all understanding of the playwright's intention. Mr. Ralph Roeder as a Sadducee was almost inaudible. Miss Anna Duncan, the dancer, in the very minor part of Salome, was effective pictorially, but vocally quite inadequate. As there is no dance of Salome in this version, it is hard to see why a trained actress was not chosen. In the rest of the cast there were as many variations of accent and vocal pitch as there were people. Nothing has been done apparently to blend the various performances into a pleasing whole. Each man seemed to set his own key, and to hold to it regardless of all others. For the rest, the performance was often at a languid pace and the staging of the few climactic scenes was generally ineffective. The supposedly pathetic moment, for example, when John addresses a congregation that has dwindled to twelve, while the multitude have left him to hear the words of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christ, was utterly spoiled by having John placed upstage left, talking into the wings in front of a row of fishing nets that looked very much like the day's laundry. The scenic designs of Mr. Geddes were of surpassing beauty in themselves but did not blend well with the needed action of the play, except in the final dungeon scene. As Mr. McClintic had all of these factors within his own control, beginning with the choice of the play itself, he must bear the full burden of a production which failed to live up to the ideals which undoubtedly inspired it.

---

### *At the Metropolitan*

THE reason for the presentation of such an opera as Erich Korngold's Violanta at the Metropolitan Opera House is not far to seek. It was given because Madame Maria Jeritza wanted a new part in which to display her histrionic temperament, and Madame Jeritza bears today the closest resemblance to that type of star who, before the advent of Signor Gatti-Casazza, had pretty much his or her own way at the opera. Nature has given Madame Jeritza much. In figure and in the blond beauty of her face she is a true daughter of the northern gods, and her voice, while by no means a great one, has ample power and range. Moreover she has a keen sense of theatric effectiveness. Yet her performance of the title rôle in Korngold's one-act work, effective as it was at times, was often grossly distorted by exaggerations.

Of course the rôle itself was romantic balderdash, but out of it a truly great artist might have evolved a certain poignant beauty. When the Viennese soprano first arrived, there were many who hailed her as just such an artist. Fewer would do so today. At her best she is now no better than she was when she first burst upon the Metropolitan's stage as the heroine of that other opera of Korngold, The Dead City; at her worst she is as she was at some moments last week in Violanta—a purely melodramatic actress. It is indeed a pity to have to say this, for never was the operatic stage in greater need of singers of the rank of the old artists of the past. In person and temperament, Madame Jeritza has the material out of which such artists make themselves. But great artists must have more than this. They must have imagination and sincerity and the will to refuse to make effects when those effects outrage truth.

I have dwelt upon this subject rather than the opera in which she appeared because after all Madame Jeritza is herself, while Violanta is simply a pastiche of Strauss, Puccini, Wagner and Debussy. It is utterly without taste as it is without originality, and amazing as the orchestration is coming from a boy of seventeen (Korngold's age when he wrote it) it cannot stand, at least at the Metropolitan, upon the plea that the composer was a boy. Aside from the performance of Madame Jeritza there is nothing else to say about it, except the regret that such an admirable artist in his own style as Walter Kirchoff should have been so egregiously miscast as a Don Juan of the Italian school.

But happily for the audience, Violanta was but the curtain-raiser to a delightful revival of Haensel and Gretel, with Queena Mario as Gretel and Editha Fleisher as Haensel. The Metropolitan has done nothing more charming in recent years. The conducting of Mr. Bodanzky and the scenery of Joseph Urban were both admirable adjuncts to the singing and acting of the artists on the stage. Haensel and Gretel is an old story now, but it is new each time it is told, as beautiful old stories always are. And last week it was told superbly.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

# A COMMUNICATION

## BOY WORK TODAY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Victor F. Ridder, the indefatigable worker for the welfare of boys, is certainly entitled to a few explanations of the questions he raises in his letter.

The three groups mentioned in my article are not individual organizations, but three different Catholic groups applying different principles in their work with boys. Hence the article does not attack any particular organization.

Mr. Ridder holds as correct the following:

1. That a segregation of boys into religious groups makes coöperation for the welfare of the nation impossible.
2. That an organization conducted by Catholics could not provide for other boys, even if open to all, like the Brigade.
3. That there is no difference between a purely recreational and a character training agency.
4. That there is no difference between an ecclesiastical approbation founded on an investigation and a recommendation based on the statements of a writer.
5. That the Catholic Scouts in Europe are the same as the Boy Scouts of America, i. e., in organization and direction.

Now all of these tenets are wrong, as anyone acquainted with boy work can easily prove.

In Rome, the Holy Father spoke to Catholic boys who happened to be Scouts. There were no Americans among them, although this makes no difference in this case. But about three weeks later, the Holy Father urged all Catholic organizations to join the International Movement for Catholic Youth which is many times larger than the Boy Scouts, but which the American Boy Scouts as now organized could not join—and, according to prevailing principles, should not join.

The reason why the Catholic Boys' Brigade has not grown larger is not that alleged by Mr. Ridder. It is, first, that it did not receive the coöperation of a large group of Catholic men, not because the movement was not good, but because, as one said, "We will never support a movement in which the clergy can put its nose"; and, secondly, that whenever a diocese intended to organize a Brigade, or, has a Brigade, there are many men who consider it of greater benefit for themselves if something else were substituted. Those who know the system of the Brigade—it has no strictly defined program—must concede that it offers all and even more than any other organization offers. And for this reason it is able to hold the boys at least three times as long as similar organizations.

Why I distinguish between purely recreational (including athletic) and character training agencies requires, perhaps, an explanation. Character training must have a true foundation. Modern neutral agencies promote Pelagianism pure and simple. They extol the natural virtues and deny to a large extent the free will in man. They do not believe in grace, and expect supernatural merits from natural good works only. To this may be added that many consider social welfare identical with the eternal welfare of man. Proofs for the above may be found in any modern psychology of youth, reports of social workers' conventions, newspapers items reporting utterances of public speakers, Catholics included. The fortunate thing is that bishops and pastors are extremely watchful and that these agencies, as a rule, do no character training at all, notwithstanding their tremendous advertising.

REV. KILIAN J. HENNRICH. O. M. CAP.,
*Chief Commissioner, C. B. B. U. S.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BOOKS, MOSTLY NEW

## Young People's Reading

"NO ONE who begins bookishly," says E. V. Lucas, "ever becomes quite free again." There seems little excuse nowadays for young readers not to lose their freedom early in this most engaging way.

Designed for the very youthful reader is a little book, Our Sacraments, by Reverend William Kelley (Benziger Brothers.) This gives in story form instructions in the seven sacraments. Even the least of the little ones can easily grasp the great meaning behind the sacraments, as related by Father Kelley in this tale of two tiny tots.

A well-known authority on children's books and reading has said that as a matter of fact children seldom care greatly for the poetry that is written for them. Be that as it may, the anthology of religious poems, A Child's Thoughts of God, compiled by Thomas Clark and Esther Gillespie (Minton, Balch) must embody many of the earliest poems either read or repeated to the beginning child. Most of them have a long-ago reminiscence for us all. The editors have happily included the Twenty-third Psalm, the Lord's Prayer and The First Christmas Eve, according to the Gospel of Saint Luke.

Under the extremely engaging title, The Moon's Birthday (Macmillan) Dorothy Rowe presents a number of Chinese stories for little children. The book is written with a natural simplicity of style, and appropriately illustrated by two Chinese artists. Luigi Capuana, one of the best known Italian writers for boys, in Nimble Legs (Longmans, Green) adequately rendered into English by Frederic Tabor Cooper, tells a nimble tale indeed of the Sicilian boy, Cuddhu. The author uses an exciting no less than historic background during those memorable days of the "Red Shirts" in Italy.

Charlotte M. Yonge is a name beloved through many generations of childhood. This reprint of The Little Duke (Macmillan) is a noteworthy addition to the Children's Classics. It is a story of young Richard the Fearless, taken from the chronicles of an early France, when knights were bold and boys were brought up in the bright face of danger. The little Duke, whose adventures are such lively reading, was the great-grandfather of the Conqueror. Another volume in this same series is a translation from the French of the Baroness des Chesnez, Lady Green Satin and her Maid Rosette (Macmillan.) This is the "history" of a Pyrenean peasant lad, Jean Paul and his little white mice, who are named—mind you—"Lady Green Satin" and "Rosette," her maid!

The Mystery of Castle Pierrefitte, by Eugénie Foa (Longmans, Green) has sprightly action, some humor, and a breathless mystery to be solved only at the end of the story. It all takes place in the region of the High Pyrenees at the close of the eighteenth century, when the legend of the lost dauphin was beginning to be whispered about the world.

In The Magic Pawnshop, by Rachel Field (Dutton) we enter delightedly into that "secret commonwealth of elves, fauns and fairies." This fantasy of a New Year's Eve, so pleasingly decorated by Elizabeth Mackinstry, tells of a pawnshop in the neighborhood of Jefferson Market tower. Only you won't find it, if you deliberately go to look for it! It has two signs in the window, "Broomsticks our Specialty" and "A Small Supply of Magic on hand for Regular Customers." Lives there a little girl anywhere in the world who wouldn't flatten her nose against such a pane?

With the artistic reprint of Mrs. Leicester's School (London, Dent) by Charles and Mary Lamb, we retrace our steps to an older day. There is charm, humor, even some excitement in these quiet stories, as told by the young ladies at Amwell School who "submit to their fate with cheerfulness."

And now we come to a group of books that sing of "green days in forests and blue days at sea." Lady Cynthia Asquith has edited several collections of tales these past years, with enchanting drawings and an amazing list of contributors, A. A. Milne, John Buchan, Algernon Blackwood, Dr. Doolittle's Master (Hugh Lofting) and many others. Sails of Gold (Scribner's) continues in Lady Asquith's best tradition. The versatile and gifted Hilaire Belloc is represented by a delicious bit of rhymed nonsense, Aunt Jane, as well as by a remarkably satisfying and thrilling account of Agincourt, on Saint Crispin's Day, 1415; when the little English army and the big French army met on that huge ploughed field, drenched with rain, and the English long-bow decided the victory. The book closes happily with some beautiful verses, expressing the true spirit of Christmas, by Katharine Tynan.

Wonder Tales from Wonder Isles (Longmans, Green) verily are wonder tales! They are written these stories of the delectable Spice Islands, in words fitly chosen and full of color, by Frances Olcott. Pirates, Pirates, everywhere! A slight thread connects this jungle of folk-lore, legend, superstition and true information of the magical East.

The Wind That Wouldn't Blow, by Arthur Chrisman (Dutton) with its fascinating silhouettes by Else Hasselriis, is another collection of diverting Chinese "tongue-tales" by the author of Shen of the Sea. These stories of the "merry middle kingdom" have humor, action, style and quaint Chinese nomenclature and phrasing. And straight up through the globe we clamber into the frozen North. Canute Whistlewinks (Longmans, Green) by Zacharias Topelius, the "Hans Christian Andersen of Sweden," tells of the Christmas-tree world that children love. And here are the stories that children love, too, of the long night, the merry trolls, the giants of snow and ice; of the spruce tree who was the forest king, and the fleet reindeer on the icy wastes of Lapland.

Over in central Europe are those curious, picturesque Dolomites, The Pale Mountains (Minton, Balch) as Carl Wolff calls his book embodying the legends, the fairy tales, the history of that little-known region.

Boys, and girls too, in these days and ways of the great open spaces, love Indians and tepees and canoes and perhaps even coyotes. The Tewa Twilight Tales (Longmans, Green) delightfully retold by Ahlee James are a combination of authentic folk-lore, of faraway atmospheric charm, of legendary magic.

Abridged—supposedly for younger readers—is Albert Bigelow Paine's notable life of Joan of Arc, entitled The Girl in White Armor (Macmillan.) It is substantiated history; and it is also a tender, a beautiful story of Saint Joan, maid and saviour of France. In Tales of the Mayflower Children (Marshall Jones) with the background of a different history, Pauline Bouvé presents to the youth of today stories proving that there was youth in those days too! From the quiet country-side of old England, by way of placid, low-lying Holland, to this "stern and rock-bound coast" we accompany these young pathfinders. The past lives yet again through the spirited pen of Aline Havard in The Regicide's Children (Scribner's.) New England has many a myth of the adventures of those

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regicides who managed to hide themselves away in her hamlets and forests. Given a good historical background, this particular story provides reasonable excitement also, with its Puritan youngsters, its stray Indians, its nice loyalists—and loyalists who are not so nice.

The Big Row at Ranger's (Harcourt, Brace) by Kent Carr, has to do with English public school life at Eaglesholme—presumably Eton. It is of a mystery that nearly wrecked "Ranger's," which is nicely cleared in "the happy end."

The latest addition to the well-known Classics for Younger Readers (Scribner's) is Jules Verne's Michael Strogoff. This dramatic story of that iron man and his perilous exploits in eastern Siberia, retains in this charming edition (illustrated by N. C. Wyeth) its enduring appeal.

Jungle John by John Buddu (Longmans, Green) is an engrossing tale of the big-game jungles. Fancy the enviable position of young John who was for a season of alarums and excursions, in the forests of central India, with his father, an officer and tiger hunter. The little Sahib soon learns the law of the jungle from his devoted native attendants. He has a thousand and one riotous adventures until the final momentous one, when he kills his own tiger, single-handed.

As first aid to the many girls who ask "What am I to do for a living?" Helen Ferriss and Virginia Moore have written Girls who Did (Dutton.) This takes up in detail, but in story form, too, the life work of many well-known women who are successfully engaged in a diversity of occupations.

Herb Roth's Adventures of an Oaf (Macy, Masius) with its ludicrous text by Frank Sullivan, is one of those nonsensical whimsies (so-called!) that children may enjoy, but grown-up children will enjoy even more. And I wonder if a very different book, The Little Long Ago, by Laura Spencer Portor (Dutton) would appeal primarily to children. It is a tenderly beautiful book of the long, long thoughts of a child, from the very little years. It imparts with delicate perception the sensations of those "first affections, those shadowy recollections" as well as the sense of "outward things."

The Story of Radio by Orrin Dunlap, jr. (Dial) can speak for itself. And speak for itself it does, being cleverly autobiographic, so that at once it assumes form and void. This is the lively reading that befits such a subject. In addition to recounting the dramatic moments in its career, it explains, quite easily, its own mysterious workings. With which we come to the next step in its progress—television. And with this new miracle, looking toward the future, one may well close.

MARTHA BAYARD.

## Brave Men at Bay

*Gallions Reach, by H. M. Tomlinson. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.*

THOSE who have followed Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's articles and occasional short stories, or read his travel books, to say nothing of those who remember his remarkable despatches from the front as war correspondent for the Daily News of London, may often have wondered when this vivid and intellectually honest writer would turn novelist, and have felt pretty safe in assuming that, when he did, his novel would stand out as something quite unusual. They will not be disappointed in Gallions Reach. Under the present literary dispensation, the language of hyperbole is so plundered in order to launch very ordinary efforts that one turns to it, upon the few occasions when it appears justified, with a growing reluctance. But not a bad test for any book which a reviewer feels neighbors greatness is the impression of residual energy left upon his mind when the last page has been turned. And no book which the present reviewer remembers in a period of critical service recalling many outstanding works of fiction passes this test quite so triumphantly as Gallions Reach. From its first line to the enigma with which its author, as though unconscious that such things as standardized endings existed, leaves the reader faced, the book is infused with an uneanny magnetism so superabundant that hardly a line can be read without a responsive thrill being the result. Mr. Tomlinson's first essay in fiction lives completely. And that is a great deal. One may go further and say that it is hard to conceive of a generation that will ever turn to it and find it dead.

Jimmy Colet is an "executive" in an import business with the far East that was founded in adventure, none too creditable, and has continued in hard dealing. The exotic scent and tang of the spices and drugs he handles have fed his imagination with the lure of the tropics, but like many another thwarted adventurer he has had to take the dream as full measure. One of those terrible accidents that at times leap upon a man out of the ambush of humdrum life makes his dream a tragic reality. In a quarrel forced on him one evening by a tyrannical boss when the two are alone in the office, he puts too much pent energy into a chance blow, and finds himself standing over a dead body. Prepared to give himself up, yet wandering by the docks to taste what may be his last free hours for many years, fate and chance intervene, this time more beneficently. At an early breakfast in a waterside inn, he meets a group of ship's officers who are boarding their vessel to catch a morning tide. An errand aboard devolves from the meeting, and before Jimmy well knows what has happened him, the vessel is swinging to the tide, bound for the land of his dreams.

The Altair is a crazy boat, with jarred, rusty plates and dubious engines, one of those tramp steamers which a marine legend declares are built by the mile at Belfast or Hartlepool and sawed off into lengths as required. She is hardly well at sea, and Colet has merely had time to note the surface peculiarities of his new comrades, when the ship's company is put to the most terrible test seamen know, stormy weather in an undependable craft. Only quotation will do justice to Mr. Tomlinson's power of picturing for us how brave men face the calamitous.

"The sky had closed down on them and they were circumscribed by a sunless incertitude. In that grey vacancy shadows appeared which were too high to be of water, but these ghosts darkened and emerged as seas which saw the ship at once and came at her in towering velocity. As they shaped, each of them threatened that it was the one which would finish her, but the Altair heaved into the sky out of it in time. Yet another was always coming when one had gone. The desolate head of the ship, condemned to dreary unrest, streamed with gauzes of water. Its stanchions and rails were awry and tortured. A length of the bulwarks of the foredeck was ruptured and projected outward raggedly. The deck ventilators had gone. One lay in the scuppers as if dead, but sometimes turned over and then back in a spasm of unexpected life. . . .

"The slight figure of the master, standing in profile, so watchful of vague and immense powers, and so undisturbed by their onrush, was like a token of quiet faith untouched by nightfall and overthrown. There he was. Hale was looking it in the face. He did not move. He was timing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Indian Ocean, that little man. . . . Beyond the captain Colet saw a dire spectre loom and bear down upon them, its pale head raving with speed and fury. Other worlds! This one?"

As no one save Conrad, and I venture to think with a surer more poignant finger than the Polish writer, Tomlinson knows how to touch that nerve in the human heart which responds to heroism or pathos. It is after the final catastrophe, in which the brave little captain alone disappears and the rescue, when the men who have been partners through the battle with infinite forces, go their separate ways.

"His knowledge of Sinclair and that bunch of men of his old ship gave to an aimless and sprawling world the assurance of anonymous courage and faith waiting in the sordid muddle for a signal, ready when it came. There were men like that. You could never tell where they were. They were only the crowd. There was nothing to distinguish them. They had no names. But when they were wanted, there they were, and when they had finished their task they disappeared, leaving no sign except in the heart. Without the certainty of that artless and profitless fidelity of simple souls the great ocean would be as silly as the welter of doom undesigned, and the shining importance of the august affairs of the flourishing cities worth no more homage than the brickbats of Babylon. Those people gave to God any countenance by which He could be known."

Gallions Reach is a tonic and bracing book. Its background is the jungle and the ocean—those waste places of sea and land that reflect the infinite; its hero, the human heart at bay, and with no present help in time of trouble save that deposit of the Divine which laughs in the face of danger because it knows itself so much greater and more permanent than the forces that threaten it. In days when so many clever intellects are busy turning the earth to a nightmare and denying us the awakening that will shatter the evil dream, it is impossible to hail it as other than a benefaction—a little rock upon which feet floundering in the morass of the indeterminate may strike firm ground.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

## The Catholic Muse

*The Catholic Anthology, by Thomas Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.*

THIS array of Catholic poetry is not the boast of a sect. Catholic poetry is not merely poetry which has been written by Catholics, any more than it is poetry written by non-Catholics after a certain manner. Catholic poetry does celebrate truths which the Catholic Church has been ordained to proclaim. But those truths were not invented by Catholic poets. They have never been completely fathomed, nor duly celebrated, by Catholic poets. They are certainly not the private property of Catholic poets. This anthology is a chorus of all mankind.

A great deal of Catholic poetry has been written by non-Catholics. About fifty pages of this volume are given to their work. After all, the truths of revelation are the myths of the poets come true. Thus Virgil, before Christ was born, wrote a Catholic poem, the first in this book. Since the rise of Protestantism, almost all Protestants have written some Catholic poetry. The vernacular languages of Europe were nurtured in Catholic devotions, and they almost force poets to write Catholic poetry. Thus, we find not only a zealous Protestant like Spenser respresented in this collection, but even such a flagrant unbeliever as Swinburne. Poetry has made a very poor Protestant.

The charm of this anthology is not due so much to its great number of good poems as to their diversity and the order in which they have been arranged. It is a delight to find so many Catholic poems completely unlike. Side by side on pages twenty-four and twenty-five we have, for instance, Saint Columcille singing tenderly:

"I would give all for one little cell
In my beautiful Derry."

and Venantius Fortunatus, chanting like an iron soldier on the march:

"The Royal Banners forward go."

Even when the subject is the same the mood can be quite different. What English poem of the Christ-child was ever like this from the Armenian? (page forty-five)

"The lips of the Christ-child are like to twin leaves
They let roses fall when He smiles tenderly.
The tears of the Christ-child are pearls when He grieves;
The eyes of the Christ-child are deep as the sea.
Like pomegranate grains are the dimples He hath,
And clustering lilies spring up in his path."

Even the limitations of the various languages are a matter for congratulation. They suggest the finiteness of man compared with God the Infinite. Who really regrets that the Latin language can never speak with the winged words of the Greek? (See Clement of Alexandrias's Hymn to Christ the Saviour, page eight.)

The diversity of these poems has been divided, however, not according to language, nor according to race, but according to time. They belong to the "Ages of the Faith," "The Age of Transition," and to "Contemporary Poets—since 1870." Although nobody will find these divisions quite adequate, it is doubtful if anybody could establish three better divisions. In the first period, reaching to the renaissance, most of the poems were social and liturgical. The lighter of them could be danced to, the more solemn could be sung in the choir. Few of the poems were for solitaries. The poems of the second period were most of them written not so much for the faithful as for the international republic of humanists. The solidarity of Catholic life had fallen down even in so-called Catholic countries. A Catholic poet wrote of his private devotions. It is natural, therefore, that the most distinguished poems of this period are not carols or chants, but the description of the soul's own interior life like Francis Thompson's Hound of Heaven.

It would be very difficult to characterize the last division of Catholic poetry, than since 1870. Let it be read, as it will be. Although all of it is now in English there is certainly a sign of national cleavages in it. Another comment can be made on it. Certainly, it is true of contemporary Catholic poetry in French and English that it has gone out from its catacomb to talk familiarly of all the things of life. Take for instance Francis Jammes's poem Palm Sunday (on page 361). Many critics find in all modern poetry a sign that the renaissance has come to an end. I believe that this throws some light on the future of Catholic poetry. In the first place the mere man of letters as such has fallen from his pedestal. Secular poetry is dying, thinks Claudel. Perhaps a new kind of middle-ages is beginning.

DANIEL SARGENT.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## A Sick Mind and a Sane

*The Locomotive God, by William Ellery Leonard. New York: The Century Company. $4.00.*

*Robert Frost, by Gorham B. Munson. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.*

IT WOULD be impossible to find among the men of letters of America—where the intellectual life is at present so often attended with the growing pains of self-consciousness—any nature so sunny and serenely poised as that of Mr. Robert Frost. It would be difficult to find even among the men of letters of America any nature so morbid as that of Mr. Leonard. Mr. Frost would be the last man to wish to analyze himself and offer the findings to the world, though the candor of his work is always beautiful and self-revealing. His themes are of rural New England, but the kind and whimsical personality of the poet shines in them; as does also a happy confidence in his readers. Though he is a professor, his heart is still on his apple farm; he still feels in his instep arch the rung of the ladder, as in his poem, Apple Picking. And his work is so full of reality that we suspect that it is written while the mud is still on the farmer's boots.

That is the difference between him and Mr. Leonard—also a professor and a poet: the mud in this case is on the mind.

Surely no normal reader of The Locomotive God will think the expression too harsh. I am not suggesting that Mr. Leonard indulges in the obvious form of literary obscenity; he is much too fastidious for that. Nevertheless, his book is, in many respects, the most indecent that I have ever read. Instead of a gross treatment of physical facts it goes in for a peculiarly horrible kind of exhibitionism of mental abnormality. And the worst feature of the case is that the patient seems to take pleasure in his disease. He tells us that he wrote his book with the idea that the presentation of his neurosis might prove to be his cure. He adds at the end that the expected cure has not resulted. And one cannot fail to feel that he has a smug satisfaction in the failure: he wants to remain an interesting case.

As a case record his story may have value—though I, for one, am reluctant to accept all the details of the story, simply because it is too detailed; because it contains so much of the sort of thing that no man remembers. Of his first day in school—when there occurred a universal childish accident—which he regards as a decisive moment, he says that if he were to write the full account he would produce a volume compared to which James Joyce's Ulysses would be the briefest sketch. I frankly refuse my belief.

The Locomotive God first appeared when William Ellery Leonard was only two. He was at a railway station and saw a train for the first time, thought it was God, and was terrified. From this he deduces that parents should never tell their children about God, though I should deduce that highly-strung people should never read Freud, who has caused a thousand neuroses for every one that he has cured. With this experience buried in his subconsciousness, the author went through a fairly normal youth; graduated from Boston University; took postgraduate work in Germany; and secured a professorship at the University of Wisconsin, where he is still teaching.

It was there that the crisis of his life occurred. In his Two Lives he has told his story. He married a charming and beautiful girl, although she had the taint of insanity. Within two years she did go insane and committed suicide. When I read Two Lives I was deeply moved by the tragedy; and in consequence, in reviewing the book, refrained from commenting upon that section of it in which he grows hysterical over the scandal-mongers in Madison who accused him of having been responsible for his wife's derangement. But as he still expatiates on the subject, sixteen and a half years after the event, I must confess that I am filled with a cold disgust. And what can one say of a man who actually pats himself on the back for having married the lady whom he here calls Agatha, but whose real and rather distinguished name he gives in the Who's Who? (The actual expression is, "Few men would have risked their whole life and career as I did in such a marriage.")

Soon after his first wife's death the Locomotive God reappeared. And Mr. Leonard admits, indeed, he almost gloats over the fact, that he has never recovered from the effects of his breakdown. He now cannot endure any noise; he cannot venture to go more than half a mile away from the shelter of his home. But at least, he has the consolation that he has won fame (of a curious sort) from the exploitation of his marital tragedy.

To this reviewer, and I dare affirm to all normally constituted men, the whole story which, had it been presented with anonymity and reserve, would have stood in the dignity of tragedy, is ruined by Mr. Leonard's pedantic and shrill querulousness, and can be regarded only with strong distaste. The whole thing is so unmanly. And the shock consists not so much in the facts themselves—painful as these are—as in the incredible indelicacy of Mr. Leonard's having revealed them. The self-justification and the self-pity become revolting. Mr. Leonard has appealed to the world as to a jury; it is his own fault if the verdict goes against him. He marks himself as a bad advocate, lacking knowledge of men, and as even a bad artist, for he has undone his achievement of Two Lives. Can he not understand that it is impossible for a man to be an artist until he has first become a man?

THEODORE MAYNARD.

## Heroes and Heroics

*Men of Destiny, by Walter Lippman. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.*

UNLESS the title of Mr. Lippman's book be ironical, it is mystifying. One sees why Mr. Shaw should have called Napoleon the "man of destiny," but not why Mr. Bryan, Mr. Borah or Mr. McAdoo should bear this weighty designation. If Mr. Lippman has applied it humorously—and the fly-leaf design of little tin gods on wheels would seem to indicate this possibility—he must forgive the constitutional incapacity of the reviewer to see a joke.

The biographical sketches are brief masterpieces of analysis, pitilessly good-tempered all of them, written with malice toward none and without charity for any. The best, and possibly the kindest, is the one on President Coolidge, that past-master of intelligent political inactivity, who understands too well the value of those secret words "Surtout pas trop de zèle," ever to give them utterance. Mr. Lippman readily admits that the President's inactivity is far from being indolent: "It is a political philosophy and a party program, and nobody should mistake his unflinching adherence to it for a soft and easy desire to let things slide. . . . He has brought his technique to such perfection that one paper an-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nounced the conclusion of the coal strike in streamer headlines saying: 'Coolidge Wins Coal Victory: Denies He Interfered.'"

As gentle and as unrelenting is the picture of Senator Borah, the great conscientious objector of the United States, with his passion for speaking his mind, and his unwearied enjoyment of the diversion; with his "sublime faith that legislatures and popular majorities are in the nature of things pacific and just"; and with his dutiful determination to watch every move of the executive with deep and dark suspicion. This, Mr. Lippman explains, is the attitude of the particular corner of the world to which the Senator belongs: "The Northwest is about as warmly attached to the Republican party as the Irish Free State is to the United Kingdom. It votes Republican in presidential years, and then forms a coalition with the Democrats against major Republican policies."

The paper on Mr. Bryan (one wonders why Mr. Lippman should have thought it worthwhile to write a paper on Mr. Bryan) may be summed up in the epigrammatic sentence: "The spiritual doctrine that all men will stand at last equal before the throne of God meant to him that all men are equally good biologists before the ballot box of Tennessee." The paper on Mr. Mencken (whom the author ardently admires) is summed up in the sentence, not in the least epigrammatic but strongly conclusive: "The destruction of authority, of moral values, of cultural standards, is the result of using the liberty which has been won during the last four centuries." That we cannot have the virtues of tradition and modernity, of delicacy and democracy, of order and freedom, is a truth more apparent to Mr. Lippman's eyes than to Mr. Mencken's. It makes for comparative content.

Yet from the first page of the book to the last, certain just discontents are evidenced. Not for a moment does its author condone the stupid bungling of majorities, or admit that their rule is other than the rule of force. Not once does he accept it as based upon the ultimate equality of man. Civilization is, in his eyes, "an understanding of what is good, better and best in the satisfaction of desire; and a knowledge of the customs, the arts and the objects which can give these satisfactions." With such an understanding, with such a knowledge, majorities have nothing to do. They can solve certain practical problems in a manner satisfactory to themselves, and they can be moved by popular sentiments which may be noble sentiments; but our faith in them is not an intelligent faith. It is rather an acceptance of something from which we cannot escape, and for which we have invented certain sonorous phrases to ease our sense of insecurity.

There is a crystal clearness in Mr. Lippman's criticism of Mr. Mellon's international debt policy, and in his analysis of that much-to-the-fore phrase, "the outlawry of war." But the timeliest papers are those which deal with Governor Smith, whom he claims to be really a man of destiny, and with the presidential possibilities of 1928. One of these papers is devoted to the Governor's Catholicism and the other to the section of urban life which he represents. The religious bugbear is peremptorily dismissed on the ground that Governor Smith's confession of faith is really an assertion of that moral independence which is but another name for moral responsibility, and from which no sane man can hope, or should desire, to escape. In Mr. Lippman's opinion, the Governor's final court of appeal, the dictates of conscience, is a surer thing than Mr. Marshall's final court of appeal, the dictates of Americanism. He has no desire to see the omnipotence of the state substituted, in matters of morality, for the omnipotence of the Church. Idolatry of the republic is not, to his mind, a pure and sound religion.

When, however, it comes to the question of the Presidency, Mr. Lippman can see nothing but peril in a candidate who represents millions of half-enfranchised Americans making their first tangible bid for recognition. He has discerning praise for Governor Smith's private and public career, for his practical imagination and lucid intelligence; but he does not like the section of humanity from which sprang this man of the people. It is "un-American," a quality vaguely dangerous and detestable. True, Governor Smith himself is comprehensively American, but no one can make this claim for New York. Mr. Lippman is honestly of the opinion that a bucolic backwater makes a better breeding-place for Presidents than the unfashionable streets of a great city. He says the country at large shares with him this curious conviction.

Men of Destiny is enriched with head-pieces, the work of a distinguished cartoonist, Mr. Rollin Kirby, who has won prizes galore. They are as illuminating as the letter-press, as good-humored and as relentless. Only the one which depicts Mr. Mellon presenting his bill to Europe has a poignant quality which impairs our peace of mind. The lean cat creeping by the wall is emblematic of a tragic situation which is as old as debtor and creditor, as old as the inequalities of life.

AGNES REPPLIER.

## More Window Dressing

*Show Window, by Elmer Davis. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.*

IN SHOW WINDOW Mr. Elmer Davis has collected eleven popular papers from the magazines of the last two years and, refusing in his jaunty prefatory note to indicate any unity among them other than that achieved by the bookbinder, presents to us yet another arraignment of contemporary manners. To the body of our current critical observations he adds nothing, but the gusto with which he carries off his sane charges provides sufficient amusement to justify the reappearance of the essays in this form.

The themes of the papers in this collection vary from general aspects of post-war American society, with its aims in literature and politics, to analyses of certain individuals. Most people already know the presentation of Bishop Manning which achieves a charming detachment in Portrait of a Cleric and the outline of Mayor Thompson's preposterous political career in Chicago in the subsequent Portrait of an Elected Person. These two portraits are the best contributions to the volume, for they remain on the non-committal tight-rope so far as outright verdict goes, they make excellent use of quoted opinion, and their effect is to put into convenient capsules the bitter doses of self-recognition which the undeluded American is obliged so frequently to swallow. The Passing of a Great Race, however, and The Comstock Load are recognizable only as bravura performances in the manner of the adaptable variety entertainer. The former opens lumberingly with a note which defines the audience of the essay as existing in the readers of an official History of American Literature in the Twentieth Century, to be published by the Federal Bureau of Literary Enforcement on April 1, 2013, and the hocus-pocus continues with doubtful effect throughout the paper. The Comstock Load carries on under the weight of its clumsily epigrammatic title a review of Victorian ideals in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

censorship in the states by trying to inveigle the reader into accepting a series of sleight-of-hand verdicts none too brilliantly executed. The Private Life of Paris of Troy, in its burlesque of Mr. Erskine's satire, is plainly dull.

It is rather a pity that the underlying sanity of Mr. Davis's attitude could not be shown up to better advantage, that his enthusiasm for sound proportion and the clear-headed life should be so overlaid with masses of overdressed language and smile-coaxing allusion. It becomes wearisome to read, now that the fashion for using such devices has become venerable, the insistent use of epithets such as "the Chaotics," "the Futilitarians," "the Golden Decade," and to follow through scores of pages which bristle with the misused capitals of irony. It is scarcely convincing to hear Mr. Davis profess to analyze the prevailing influence of Mencken both in his preface and in Prolegomena to Christianity, and at the same time to see him use, without the same originality of effect and vigor of conviction, the whole equipment which this contemporary prophet has laid open to the aspiring journalists and analysts of a bored generation. Mr. Davis has a wideness of sympathy which is unquestionably genuine and his attack is certainly not unsupported by deft intellectual accuracy, but he does not escape conveying the sense of a fundamentalism as depressing as that which he pillories and of an uncomprehended spirituality in existence which even his attractive paper on Catullus is unable to dispel.

For this triteness his reader will not thank him, but at the same time he will be glad to add to his equipment many of the definitions whose reality is genuinely striking; his sound attitude toward the cathedral rising on Morningside Heights; his witty estimate of Indiana's problem; his picture of the "good show" in Chicago's city hall; his able display of the modernist confusions as purveyed from pulpits in fashionable churches; and his anger over our age's impotence which his own wit, given a clearer and more original expression, might do so much to frustrate.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

## A Guarded Flame

*Happy Ending: The Collected Lyrics of Louise Imogen Guiney. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.*

HERE, in all the welter and push of fall publications, is one book as cheering as the smile of a friend caught through hurrying crowds of Christmas shoppers. And indeed, Happy Ending is the smile of a friend! It would be hard to think of any volume which so imperatively needed reprinting as this fastidious selection from Louise Imogen Guiney's poetry—the "least faulty nuggets from that disused mine," as she described it with whimsical humility to the present reviewer—made by the poet herself and published in an exquisite but too limited edition back in 1909.

Eighteen years ago! And years which have seen not only a world war, with its thousand readjustments, but an almost complete revolution in our approach to the various arts—a wave of realism and another wave of experiment in literature which could not fail to change the shore-line and the skyline of creative, and so of critical, work. We have grown today to take this still changing skyline and shore-line for granted: many things which formerly would have seemed exotic have, for better or worse, come to seem quite indigenous. We have accepted the brutalities of Spoon River and the boredoms of Main Street—we have welcomed Vachel

FIFTH AVE. **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK
TELEPHONE: MURRAY HILL 7000

**The Superb Designs of Ancient Oriental Rugs Have Been Woven Into These**

# NEW CRAVATS
*for Men*

All the rare beauty of pattern and colouring, for which the Oriental rug weavers were anciently famous, has been caught in these miniature silken reproductions—giving a distinction and smartness seldom encountered.

**$5.50**

**Tabris — Uschak — Staruschak — Beschir — are the designs**

**MEN'S NECKWEAR—FIRST FLOOR**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## The White Harvest

**A Symposium on Methods of Convert Making**

***Edited by Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D.***

**With a Preface by Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D.D., Bishop of Oklahoma. Crown 8vo. $3.50.**

Approximately 7,000,000 people, or about 60% of the entire population of this country are unaffiliated in an active manner with any church. Yet the average of Catholic converts is less than two per priest each year. In view of this small average, the record of the contributors to "The White Harvest" is a revelation—6,000 converts by one priest, and others receiving an average of half a hundred into the fold each year with unfailing regularity.

In this symposium, eleven of the most successful convert-makers in America present the methods which have proved most successful in winning converts to the Catholic faith, and a penetrating analysis of the psychology of religious conversion.

The contributors are:

The Rt. Rev. John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Ft. Wayne.
Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P.
Rev. Hugh L. McMenamin.
Rev. Martin J. Scott, S.J.
Rev. E. C. Dowd.
Rev. Joseph F. Eckert, S.V.D.
Rev. Edward J. Mannix, S.T.L.
Rev. John Duffy.
Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe, C.S.P.
and David Goldstein.

## Angela Merici and Her Teaching Idea, 1474-1540

***By Sister M. Monica, Ph.D.***

**With an Introduction by the Most Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D.D. 8vo. $5.00.**

In "Angela Merici and Her Teaching Idea, 1474-1540" Sister Monica has recreated one of the great characters of educational life. In 16th Century Italy the education of girls, as we know it, had still to be thought of; but three hundred years before Pestalozzi, this teacher advocated the Mother-Idea in training girls. Angela's ideas, working first in her own lay sisterhood and later through the expansion of her Company of St. Ursula into the Ursuline Order, have enjoyed a steadily increasing activity in Europe and America.

## Mother Philippine Duchesne

***By Marjory Erskine.***

**With an Introduction by Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis. 8vo. $4.00.**

This biography portrays the heroic courage of Philippine Duchesne who came to America in 1818 with the high hope of evangelizing the Indians who still found a home in Missouri. Her first work, however, was the foundation of the first free school opened west of the Mississippi. The work of education inaugurated by Mother Duchesne in the New World developed and extended so that in 1919, just a century after her coming to America, the members of the Historical Society of Missouri voted her as the pioneer woman whose life-work has most claim on the gratitude of Missouri.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

Publishers Since 1724 (At the Sign of the Ship)

55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK


Lindsay even if we have not wholly welcomed Carl Sandburg—we know that Amy Lowell, reaching out intrepidly and learnedly and nervously for new forms to imprison passion, is one symptom of our times, just as the magic and the cynicism of Edna Millay is another symptom.

But it is comforting to watch how the real things in life and in art have a way of surviving through all innovations. And if one ever doubted the survival of Louise Guiney's work, one need but to dip into these delectable pages. Here may be recaptured those soldier songs of a soldier's daughter—The Kings, The Wild Ride, and the unforgettable Knight Errant. Here are the five haunting Carols for Christmas, the lines To a Dog, warm with that tender animal-love which has probably never been lifted higher by any poet than in her sonnet, Saint Francis Endeth His Sermon; the painting of nature in all her moods, from the "blossomed aisle of April" to "divine September" and the very "dregs of the year"; and her own characteristic interpretation of nature face to face with humanity—not altogether to the latter's glory—in the unique litany of Bedesfolk or Cobwebs or A Footpath Morality. Here again are the fifteen epitaphs, so nobly Greek in spirit and form that they have often been mistaken for translations; and the twenty-six sonnets on Oxford and London which were a love gift from this Irish New Englander to the Old England she claimed as home—along with such separate sonnets as Astraea, of possibly even more poignant beauty. For the twelve poems of Miss Guiney's final years we are grateful, even while doubting whether her own severe taste would have included more than half of them. Two curious sonnets upon Despotisms (the War and the Motor!) are among the number; while one recognizes the veritable Guiney brooding through the lines In a Perpendicular Church, the white Guiney faith in the Communion sonnet, Semen Est Verbum Dei, and the gallant Guiney challenge to life's disenchantment in Firstlings.

It is the poetry of a scholar, a dreamer and an artist who was individualist enough to write precisely what she wanted, but whose personal taste was inalienably "on the side of the angels." And since the angels happen to be universal as well as immortal, her work could not fail to share this breadth and immortality. Through most of her life the poet looked for leisure almost as she looked for salvation, and during the last harassed years of her English wanderings she knew scarcely which chimney was her own; yet the poems come to us full of the repose, the spaciousness, the permanence which she loved—and at least within her own heart, found. Few even among poets have been so sensitively close to the moods of earth and sky, to the wise heritage of the past, both pagan and Christian, to the allegiances of high friendships and a higher faith. A little leisurely, a little remote, more than a little classical in their chiseling and their restraint, the poems are worthy of perpetuation because of the truth and beauty which are in their vision first and also in their execution. Nowhere in our American literature is there a more pure and silver vein of lyric loveliness than her highest singing has created.

In her prose and her verse, too, Louise Guiney is a perfect example of Poe's observation that the poet never sees, and consequently never says, the obvious thing. She is also the perfect answer to critics who are perennially wondering how the claims of art and religion are to be harmonized. Her own deep and simple integrity of spirit can scarcely have shared their wonder. Catholicity inspires and under-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# MACMILLAN BOOKS

## New Titles for Boys and Girls

### The Golden Bird
***By Katharine Gibson*** $2.50

A collection of legends from Egypt, Greece, France, Japan and China, each introduced by a story-teller episode. Unusual tales told with vigor for any young reader under twelve.

### The Fountain of Youth
***By Padraic Colum*** $2.50

A collection of Mr. Colum's best tales, written just as he tells them aloud to boys and girls. It is a fine book for children with its wide range over folk and epic material.

### The Tiger Who Walks Alone
***By Constance Lindsay Skinner*** $1.75

Revolution in a South American republic, exploration in the jungle, mystery about The Tiger Who Walks Alone; Dick Wynn, an American boy, goes on an exciting expedition with his uncle.

### Roselle of the North
***By Constance Lindsay Skinner*** $1.75

A story of the Northwest and the fur trading region. Roselle lives with the Indians, who call her the Flying Heart. She is a mystery to them and to the white trappers.

### *The Children's Classics*

*Bound in blue and gold, each book in this famous series is an individual volume.* Each $1.75

### Mopsa the Fairy
***By Jean Ingelow***

A favorite fairy story illustrated by Dugald Walker.

### The Princess and Curdie
***By George MacDonald***

Dorothy Lathrop is just the right person to make pictures for this famous story.

*Ask for our complete list of 39 titles in this famous bookshelf.*

### *THE HAPPY HOUR BOOKS*

*For very little children. Brightly colored illustrations of many favorite stories and rhymes.* Each 50c.

**Little Black Sambo**
**The Steadfast Tin Soldier**
**The Pied Piper**
**Three Little Pigs**

*Ask for the complete list of 12 titles.*

### The Moon's Birthday
***By Dorothy Rowe*** $2.00

A collection of stories about Chinese children. Noodle pagodas, a shadow play, magic playing mice, and a warty frog lantern; some of the things that you will hear about. Many colored illustrations by a Chinese artist.

### Little Black Eyes
***By Karlene Kent*** $2.00

The daily life of a little Japanese girl. A book that will give a small child an excellent picture of Japan and also a story that will hold his interest.

### *The Little Library*

*Small, gayly bound books for those not yet old enough for the Children's Classics.* Each $1.00

### The Good-Natured Bear
***By Richard Henry Horne***

Mr. Bear and the Littlepump family. Wonderful scissor cuts by Lisl Hummel.

### The Merry Pilgrimage
***By Margaret Sherwood***

Translation of an old French story. Charlemagne goes on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

*Ask for the complete list of 28 titles.*

## THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

**New York Chicago Boston Atlanta Dallas San Francisco**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Three Great Fiction Discoveries*

GIANTS IN THE EARTH

*by* O. E. RÖLVAAG

"The finest and most powerful novel written about pioneer life in America."—*The Nation.* $2.50

GALLIONS REACH

*by* H. M. TOMLINSON

A novel of the sea and the jungle that Arnold Bennett calls "as fine as anything done within the present century." $2.50

THE GRANDMOTHERS

*by* GLENWAY WESCOTT

The Harper Prize Novel: selected by John Erskine, Carl Van Doren and Jesse Lynch Williams. A magnificent novel of an American family. $2.50

*Three Non-Fiction Triumphs*

THE AMERICAN ADVENTURE

*by* DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY

A splendid, thoroughly modern history by a well-known historian. It is honest, human, and above all, interesting. 2 volumes, $10.00

AS I KNEW THEM

*by* H. L. STODDARD

A fascinating book of memoirs by the friend of eleven presidents and the candidates they defeated. A chapter of heretofore unwritten and astonishing history. $5.00

PAGES FROM MY LIFE

*by* FEODOR CHALIAPINE

"*Pages from My Life*" belongs to that class of books which one absorbs with unrelaxing attention and which one remembers for long time."—*New York Times.* $5.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

lies all her work, but it never obtrudes. Like her friend Lionel Johnson, she realized

How deep within the liturgies
Lie hid the mysteries;

and if comparatively little of her poetry is devotional, it is all devout.

With this gracious garnering of her verse and the two volumes of letters published last year, Louise Guiney seems likely to remain a power and a personality, not merely a memory. If some enterprising publisher will now give us a reprint of Patrins, including a few others of her best essays, the heritage will be fairly complete. It is a precious heritage to all book lovers—precious and proud, also, to American Catholics. One can but hope it will be claimed and held close not merely by those who have long cherished the work of this fine artist and fine woman, but by all those—including the generation just emerging from our colleges—to whom Happy Ending must be a Happy Beginning, too!

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

## Tested Wisdom

*Proverbs and Didactic Poems, by Charles Foster Kent and Millar Burrows. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.*

A GREAT promoter in the cause of religion in higher education was the late Professor Kent of Yale, and a tireless worker as well in the field of scriptural studies. The book under review is itself the sixth and concluding volume of a series entitled The Student's Old Testament; Logically and Chronologically Arranged. It was unfinished at the author's untimely death, but has since been completed with the collaboration of a former pupil, Dr. Burrows, who says that the work is substantially Professor Kent's. A foreword is written by a fellow professor, widely known as an authority on Aramaic, Dr. Charles C. Torrey.

The present volume contains a new translation of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and Job. It is well done, in simple direct language, and it brings out in the poetic sections the Hebrew versification and parallelism. A clear, readable text is presented, which has availed itself of the results of recent scholarship—yet Arnold B. Ehrlich might not agree with all the renderings.

A five-chapter introduction in Professor Kent's crisp style is most enlightening on the origin and history of the wisdom literature of the Jews. Very early did man feel the impulse to hand down to succeeding generations the results of his experience. Added to this, the life of a nomad in the East gave ample time for reflection and for the formation of these sententious maxims of prudence and sagacity. Hence Israel's sages arose, and can be traced through the books of the Old Testament until they form a distinct class of powerful influence. They were marked off from priests and prophets in Jeremias's day, as is clear from his saying: "The law shall not perish from the priest nor counsel from the wise, nor the word from the prophet" (xviii, 18.) In the times of darkness and distress following the Babylonian captivity, Israel relied more and more on the wisdom of her sages. They bore the torch of Hebrew leaning and handed it over to the scribes and rabbis who, from 165 B. C. on, became the chief teachers of the race. Our Divine Lord was sage as well as priest and prophet, as we learn from the New Testament—"Behold a greater than Solomon here" (Matthew, xii, 43.)

The book of Proverbs—parts of it going back to Solomon,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Memorable* BORZOI BOOKS *of 1927*

*Journal of*
**KATHERINE MANSFIELD**
Edited by J. Middleton Murry

"The book must be read. It is, above all, the *person* who captivates us here and not the authoress: and a phrase or two, a page or two, will not content us."

Conrad Aiken, in the *Boston Evening Transcript.*

Illustrated. $3.50

**O RARE BEN JONSON**
by Byron Steel

"Brilliant and immensely entertaining. The man is really re-created for us in his habit as he lived. The style is so crisp that it snaps; the wit so sparkling that it flashes."

Samuel Chew, in the *New York Herald Tribune.*

$3.00

*Belles-Lettres*

THE HUMAN BODY
by Logan Clendening, M.D.
$5.00
Amusing, informing, reassuring.

LIFE AND THE STUDENT
by Charles Horton Cooley
$2.50
A commentary on life.

SAN CRISTÓBAL DE LA HABANA
by Joseph Hergesheimer
Illustrated. $3.50
The mind of an artist.

STUFFED PEACOCKS
by Emily Clark
$2.50
Southern vignettes.

THE ROMANCE OF VILLON
by Francis Carco
Illustrated. $5.00
The truth, the romance.

**DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP**
by Willa Cather

"It is one of the most superb pieces of literary endeavor this reviewer has ever read, regardless of language or nation."
Dorothy Foster Gilman, in the *Boston Evening Transcript.*

Fourth large printing. $2.50

*Important Fiction*

THE COUNTERFEITERS
by André Gide
$3.00
The Paris of today.

THE GATEWAY TO LIFE
by Frank Thiess
$3.00
Youth's adventure.

KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER
by Sigrid Undset
Lillehammer edition. 3 volumes boxed. $6.00

THREE WIVES
by Beatrice Kean Seymour
$2.50
Every marriage.

DECLARATION OF LOVE
by Geoffrey Dennis
$2.50
Truthful lovers.

**THE LIFE OF DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO**

ACCORDING TO MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA
EXPOUNDED WITH COMMENT
by Miguel de Unamuno

With inspired invective Señor Unamuno attacks the modern world, its hypocrisy, its shams, its machine-made slavery, and its obedience to convention. With Don Quixote as his trumpet he sounds a clarion call to knightly courage. $5.00

**GEORGE W. BELLOWS**
**HIS LITHOGRAPHS**
With an Introduction by Thomas Beer

Here are superb reproductions of all the one hundred ninety-five lithographs of Bellows, prefaced by a brilliant piece of critical-biographical writing by the author of *The Mauve Decade.* It is the fruit of nearly three years' devoted collaboration among Mrs. Bellows, Mr. Beer, several close friends of the artist and his family, the publisher, the engraver, the printer and binder, and others. $15.00

*In design, materials, and workmanship, the new Borzoi Books achieve standards which distinguish them from most publications, and among any.*

SEE THEM AT YOUR BOOKSHOP

**Alfred A. Knopf** *In Canada, from The Macmillan Company* BORZOI BOOKS **Publisher, N. Y.** *of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto*


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# HAROLD VINAL, Ltd.

take pleasure in specially recommending to the readers of *The Commonweal* the following books from their Season's list:

***A clean, fine new novel:***

## STELLA MARVIN

*by* **MARIE TELLO PHILLIPS**

Reverent in her attitude to life, serious even when she is most entertaining, Mrs. Phillips addresses those readers who stand for spiritual integrity. Gay dialogue and a bright thread of romance make a story of absorbing interest of the life of a modern American family, who are striving to get "nearer to the heart's desire."

Mrs. Phillips, a contributor to many Catholic periodicals, is the daughter of Manly Tello, well known in the Catholic world, and Editor of the *Cleveland Catholic Universe*, 1877-91.

*Cloth, regular 12mo. Decorated wrapper designed by Charles Cartwright. Price, $2.00.*

***A new Book of Poems, beautiful outside and in.***

## A HORN FROM CAERLEON

*by* **J. CORSON MILLER**

"In his devotion to religious themes, and in his skill in clothing these themes with beauty, Mr. Miller follows in Katherine Tynan's tradition."—*America.*

"We commend J. Corson Miller's most recent volume of poems to all with a sane appetite for poetry."—*The Sign.*

*Half cloth, small cr. 8vo, title page in color. The volume specially designed by R. S. Josephy. Price, $1.50.*

***Probably the most remarkable "first Novel" of the Season.***

## THE MUSIC MAKERS

*by* **MURRELL EDMUNDS**

A vital study of the new South of today, with its scene laid in Virginia.

Written in a style of austere simplicity, this story of a young man who is forced to repudiate his birthright of genius achieves an amazingly high level of force and beauty.

*Cloth, 12mo, decorated wrapper. The volume specially designed by R. S. Josephy. Price, $2.00.*

## HAROLD VINAL, Ltd.

*Publishers*

**562 Fifth Avenue** **New York**


and parts coming from other sages, as the superscriptions indicate—is rightly praised by Professor Kent. This collection of philosophical essays in poetic form ought to appeal to the present generation, because of its intimate political and domestic references. It is always to be remembered (though Professor Kent fails to mention it) that these sagacious sayings are inspired by the Holy Ghost and contain divine wisdom to be accepted and followed.

Professor Kent rightly calls the book of Job "the greatest lyric poem of antiquity." Outside of a prose prologue and epilogue it is a series of poems grappling in intense and dramatic form with the most vital question of man's life on earth, the ever-present problem of evil. On the one hand, it answers the scoffers's question, Does Job serve God for naught? and on the other it gives the solution of the enigma, why the just suffer. Moreover, in the personal example of the illustrious Job, it sets forth how suffering and trial are to be met—with confident humility, with living trust in God and with the absolute assurance of the immortality of the soul and the beatific vision of God on the shores of eternity where both God and the just will be vindicated.

As the collaborater, Dr. Burrows, says in the preface, it is a matter of regret that Professor Kent did not include Sirach and Wisdom in his work. These find a place in the Catholic canon, and, together with Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and Job, they constitute the sapiential books. Professor Kent devotes an introductory chapter to Ecclesiasticus, and has the highest praises for this work of Ben Sira, complaining that the Bible societies have ceased to include it in editions of the Protestant Bible. On the other hand, about a book which Professor Kent includes in his treatment, and which is contained in the Protestant canon, Ecclesiastes, he has disparaging things to say. He is surprised that it is included in the canon at all. I feel that, if he had lived to put the finishing touches to his work, Professor Kent would have deleted that statement. If it be a result of so-called modern scholarship, it certainly can be of no service in a text-book for college students. Rather it must work harm in the realm of religion in higher education, which he had so much at heart.

PATRICK J. TEMPLE.

## Uncle Joe Cannon's Autobiography

*Uncle Joe Cannon: The Story of a Pioneer American as Told to L. White Busbey, for Twenty Years His Private Secretary. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $5.00.*

IN THE foreword to his autobiography, Uncle Joe Cannon disclaims having "written" his vivid, highly readable and often piquant reminiscences. As he truthfully says "To write is foreign to all my tastes and inclinations. . . . It is my story, but his (Mr. Busbey's) book." Inevitably, in the transfer from speech to print there must have been changes, a certain gentling and planing here and there of the veteran politician's cigar-flavored flow of recollection. Yet it is not overly in evidence; the whole tang of the book is first-hand, and there is a refreshing lack of the selfconsciousness evident in some other contemporaneous political memoirs.

The story of Cannon's life falls naturally into sections. The first six chapters (which justify the subtitulation Reminiscences of an American pioneer) carry us from the Quaker emigration out of the Carolinas, in 1840, to a Wabash River frontier settlement, to his first election to Congress in 1872, in Grant's second term. Uncle Joe, as a boy perched atop

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## SCRIBNER BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

MARK SULLIVAN

### AMERICA FINDING HERSELF *by* Mark Sullivan

The story of "OUR TIMES" through the years immediately following "The Turn of the Century". Powerful personalities and the average men and women of the early 1900's people its pages; their fads and fancies, songs, books and other diversions find a place in it. Two hundred and four illustrations from contemporary cartoons, sketches and photographs add to the fascination of the book.

"It is one glorious riot of facts, reminiscences, recollections, events . . . written by a well-informed man who recognizes the spectacular and significant in current events . . . "—Harry Hansen in the *New York World*. $5.00

### CHOSEN POEMS *by* Henry van Dyke

The garnered poetic treasure of forty years is found in these poems by America's best loved author. "His verse throbs with the brotherhood of man and glows with the beauty of nature."—*Oregon Journal*. A perfect gift book. Cloth $2.50; leather $3.00.

### MEN WITHOUT WOMEN *by* Ernest Hemingway

Fourteen superb stories by the author of "The Sun Also Rises". "He shows himself master in a new manner in the short story form."—*New York Times*. $2.00

### THE ROMANTICK LADY: The Story of an Imagination *by* Vivian Burnett

The biography of Francis Hodgson Burnett by her son. "A very entertaining book full of good stories and amusing letters."—*The London Times*. Illustrated. $3.50

### THE GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES Collected and Edited with Introduction *by* Willard Huntington Wright

The best stories of the great masters of mystery fiction in all languages from Edgar Allan Poe to A. Conan Doyle and G. K. Chesterton are here presented in a satisfying collection $2.50

### BLUE VOYAGE *by* Conrad Aiken

Among the most discussed novels of the year. $2.50

### THE CANARY MURDER CASE *by* S. S. Van Dine

"If you are at all interested in detective stories you simply must read this one".—Edwin Björkman in the *Ashville Times*. $2.00

### WHEN TUTT MEETS TUTT *by* Arthur Train

Exciting and amusing stories of the famous lawyer and his partner. $2.00

### THROUGH THE WHEAT *by* Thomas Boyd

A new illustrated edition of a War classic. The many illustrations are by Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr., who wrote and illustrated "Fix Bayonets!" $3.00

### TURNPIKES AND DIRT ROADS *by* Leighton Parks, D.D.

A delightful biography picturing life in the old South before and during the Civil War. $3.50

### THE PORTRAIT OF ZELIDE *by* Geoffrey Scott

The final popular edition of "the best fictional biography that has been published in English." $2.00

### THE NEW REFORMATION: From Physical to Spiritual Realities *by* Michael Pupin

"In his latest book the author of 'From Immigrant to the Inventor' forces religion and science to meet in his laboratory. . and resolve their differences."—*St. Paul Dispatch*. $2.50

### HEREDITY AND HUMAN AFFAIRS *by* Edward M. East

The facts of heredity along with what may be scientifically inferred make up this new book by the author of "Mankind at the Crossroads". Full of surprises in real information, entertaining and authoritative. $3.50

*From the jacket design of "The Romantick Lady"*

### WASHINGTON SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF *by* Lucretia Perry Osborn

The Father of his Country here speaks for himself through a collection of actual letters and documents so arranged and connected as to give a complete life story in his own words. $3.50

### CASTLES IN SPAIN: And Other Screeds *by* John Galsworthy

"This collection of essays and studies . . . the first that Mr. Galsworthy has published in a number of years reveals once again the fine humanistic spirit, the sane philosophy and the flawless style of the author of 'The Forsyte Saga'."—*Buffalo Sunday Times*. $2.00

### CREATIVE EDUCATION In School, College, University and Museum *by* Henry Fairfield Osborn

After many years of observation and experience Professor Osborn presents a new, constructive and creative ideal of education. $2.50

### JACQUES COEUR *by* Albert Boardman Kerr

The epic story of a French merchant prince, government official and crusader of the Middle Ages. Illustrated. $3.50

### COW COUNTRY *by* Will James

"There are in all eight stories in the collection, some about wild horses, all about cowboys, and cowboys engaged in all sorts of occupations from branding to love-making. The book is most like Mr. James's 'Cowboys, North and South' and 'The Drifting Cowboy' and if you liked them, get this one."—Herschel Brickell in the *N. Y. Evening Post*. Illustrated by the author. $3.50

### MARCHING ON *by* James Boyd

The great American novel of the Civil War. "A serious and competent study of the South as it went into its war."—Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr. $2.50

### MICHAEL STROGOFF *by* Jules Verne

The latest volume in the Scribner $2.50 Classic series is the work of a master of narrative, a famous story of thrilling adventure in Czarist Russia. It is superbly illustrated in color by N. C. Wyeth. $2.50

### JINGLEBOB: A Western Story for Boys *by* Philip Ashton Rollins

"Here is a book portraying life as it actually was lived by the old time cowboys."—*Detroit Free Press*.
Illustrated, with jacket and end papers by Will James. $2.50

*from "Cow Country"*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 597 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GORHAM

Ecclesiastical Productions

RELIGIOUS ARTICLES OF DISTINCTION

*Chalices, Pyxes, Holy Water Sprinklers in Gold and Silver.*

*Rosaries and other articles of personal devotion.*

*St. Christopher Medals in gold, silver, bronze and enamel.*

*Appointments for the Altar. Church Decorations.*

GORHAM

Fifth Avenue at 47th Street New York

*"The Largest Producers of Sterling Silverware in the World"*

**For Your Convenience**

**$5.00 a year domestic**
**5.50 in Canada**
**6.00 Foreign**

**The Commonweal**
**Grand Central Terminal**
**New York City**

Please enter a subscription to The Commonweal for—

Name .....

City .....

State .....

☐ Enclosed find remittance.
☐ Send bill to

Name .....

City .....

State .....

of the family goods on his father's wagon, had made up his mind to be one of the dispatch riders of the pony express, who aroused his envy as they dashed past along the National Pike. But after his father's death in 1851 he settled on the law; the law led naturally to politics; in 1861 he had been elected an Illinois district attorney; and in 1872 he was in Congress.

The details of his youth and early manhood cover a phase of national development which has been well exploited; yet Uncle Joe gives us some new angles of backwoods and prairie existence and since he dwells on the period with a real verve and enthusiasm, one does not feel that he has overemphasized it. Incidentally, it has added to Lincolniana the tale of his justified quashing of an indictment for theft brought against President Lincoln's stepmother in Illinois, in the Civil War days.

His career as a federal legislator begins in 1872, and in the most actual sense ends in 1910. In easy, viva voce fashion he discusses Grant, Hayes, Blaine, Garfield, Arthur (with occasional lapses from fact due either to the mnemonic slip or to convictions based on a lack of that more intimate knowledge of party affairs to which he could not then pretend) but not until McKinley's régime does he become a presidential intimate, in touch with the inner workings of the political machine. As McKinley's confidant in advance knowledge of the war with Spain, and as chairman of the Appropriations Committee, he introduced the $50,000,000 appropriation bill.

It was after he succeeded Henderson, of Iowa, as Speaker of the House, in 1903, and put into practice the lessons of control he had learned from Reed, whose lieutenant he had been, that Cannon began to loom as a figure in national political life. His picture of Roosevelt is a far from kindly one, and one feels inclined to question the instances he recounts of conduct on the President's part, which, to say the least, were decidedly unethical. But then it must be remembered that this autobiography is actually at second hand.

Aside from its vivid political personalia, the book offers considerable insight into the actual functioning of our legislature from the time Cannon entered it till the Progressive movement, breaking down old party lines (even before the election of 1910) overthrew Uncle Joe as the Speaker, who actually controlled legislation as a dictator. He tells the tale with humor and spirit, from his own point of view; and ends his chapter with his political credo, that of the old school to which he belonged: "It's a damned good thing to remember in politics to stick to your party and never attempt to buy the favor of your enemies at the expense of your friends." It may be objected that there are better confessions of political faith; it is certain that there are worse.

Of his casting out of the seat of power, as he recounts it, Uncle Joe says: "It seems to me, regarding the matter quite dispassionately, the insurgents accomplished about as much as did the famous king of France who marched his forty thousand men up the hill and then marched them down again." He does not like to admit in so many words that rebellious Republicans could forget the sacredness of party loyalty and join with Democrats in shearing the Speaker of most of the arbitrary power he had wielded.

But this, and other inhibitions, so consistently adhered to throughout his book, help to give it its authenticity. It is the real Uncle Joe speaking, a real personality, characteristically American and, in a measure, typical of an epoch that has vanished. And hence, it is a book that any American, irrespective of his political affiliations, will enjoy.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# DUTTON NON-FICTION LEADERS

## OASIS AND SIMOON

*by* Ferdinand Ossendowski

The author of "Beasts, Men and Gods" interprets Algeria and Tunisia $3.00

*For Boys and Girls*

GAY-NECK
By Dhan Gopal Mukerji
Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff
$2.25

THE WIND THAT WOULDN'T BLOW
By Arthur Chrisman
$2.50

ALISON BLAIR
By Gertrude Crownfield
$2.00

FOR THE GLORY OF FRANCE
By Everett McNeil
$2.00

## ROARING BONES

*by* Prince William of Sweden

Unforgettable tales of the African Congo by the popular Swedish Prince $2.50

## THE PERFECT COURTIER

*by* Julia Cartwright

A brilliant biography of Count Castiglione by the author of "Isabella D'Este." 2 vols. $10.00

## LIFE and LAUGHTER 'MIDST THE CANNIBALS

*by* Clifford W. Collinson

A riot of a travel book through the South Sea Solomon Islands. $5.00

## HAPPINESS

*by* William Lyon Phelps

A perfectly charming little book for all who possess or desire happiness. $1.00

## Memoirs of a Poor Relation

*by* Marietta Minnigerode Andrews

A daring autobiography giving intimate pictures of many distinguished American families. $5.00

## Best Sellers

**NOW WE ARE SIX**
By *A. A. Milne*
Decorations by E. H. Shepard
Thirty-seventh edition. $2.00

**ZELDA MARSH**
By *Charles Norris*
Thirty-eighth edition. $2.50

**FACE VALUE**
By *J. L. Campbell* $2.50

**SPLENDOR**
By Ben Ames Williams $2.50

## GOETHE

*by* Prof. T. G. Robertson

A vivid biography of the great German poet. (Republic of Letters Series) $2.50

# E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**29th INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS**
Sydney, Australia. September 6-9, 1928
Send for Preliminary Announcement of Sailings and Rates to
FARLEY TRAVEL AGENCY
535 Fifth Avenue, New York Phone: Murray Hill 8390
*Booklet, Travel Suggestions Europe '28, on Request*

**GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE, White Plains, N. Y.**
*A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN*
*Registered by the University of the State of New York with power to confer degrees.*
PEDAGOGICAL COURSE. BEAUTIFUL LOCATION
Forty Minutes from New York. Resident and Non-Resident Students
*Catalogue on application to the Secretary*

**MELROSE ACADEMY**
*School for Girls*
Students prepared for COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS
Music, French, Art, Vocal Expression, Physical Culture. Small classes, Melrose Park a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia. 30 acre campus. All outdoor sports. Standard hockey field.
Term begins September 20
*Conducted by the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart*

**ST. XAVIER COLLEGE**
*For Women*
4928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
*Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy*
*Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art*
Teachers' Promotional Credit Classes
Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters
*Send for Announcement*

**ACADEMY OF THE ASSUMPTION**
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASSACHUSETTS
Boarding and Day School for Girls
General, College Preparatory and Secretarial Courses offered. Special Courses in Music, Art, Foreign Languages and Expression. Junior and Intermediate Departments make provision for work preparatory to High School. Extensive grounds for outdoor recreation. Tennis, basketball, horseback riding, tobogganing, skating.
**ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY for Boys**
from five to fourteen years is under the same management. Competent instructors in Military Drill, Athletics and Horseback Riding.
For catalogue apply to SISTER SUPERIOR.

**Try Again—**
If at first you don't succeed—
When corns and foot troubles cut your speed;
And from foot aches you'd be free—
Wear PEDIFORME.
They are correct and corrective, too—
Best for men, women and baby blue:
Comfort in every style shoe—
That's PEDIFORME.

*Regardless of the nature of your foot troubles, "PEDIFORME" shoes will aid you to regain normalcy. Write for our FREE Style book K that tells how to overcome foot ills in the natural way.*
**THE PEDIFORME SHOE CO.**
36 W. 36th St. New York
29 Washington Pl. East Orange, N. J.
322 Livingston St. Brooklyn

## THE QUIET CORNER

*I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.*—C. LAMB.

"It may appear strange to you, my dear Britannicus, but my recent studies in the history of music and my late attendance at the symphony concerts and recitals have brought back to my mind, with a sympathetic glow, the memories I treasure of our old cook Mary McQuilty. Extremes, you may say, are meeting here, but when you have followed the course of my philosophizing, you will recognize, I hope, the normal continuity of my deductions."

"My good Doctor Angelicus," replied the foreign scribe, "I have always recognized your supreme ability to harmonize the most contrary propositions in your benevolent scheme of ontology, and there is no star, however brilliant in the heavens, that you cannot bring into intimate relationship, I might say cousinship, with the tiniest atom or insect of our mother earth. Pray proceed with your new demonstrations. I am all ears this morning."

"My meditations have been concerned with the co-relations of modern art theories with that rather depreciated but nevertheless essential human activity, mastication, and its preparatory formulas. In spite of the mountains of literature around us, you will recognize that, while we may live without books, we cannot survive without cooks; hence there is more than a merely idealized delectation in my contention that our theorists and historians of the philosophies and arts must include the culinary evolutions in their human programs.

"Music has been classified into the epochs that are so dear to our hall-room philosophers; they have started their enumeration of periods with the primitive age of the cymbals, bells, tom-toms and rattles, and to that age I would align the more or less prehistoric world of flint fires, fresh fish and game and wild fruits, which would include in an honorable place the apple trees known to our first parents in the garden of Eden; this period might be brought down to the eras of flowing vats of mead and the king's bit which caused so much bloodshed at the festal carvings of the pig and wild turkeys when the wars were erroneously declared to be over. Emerging late in this development I can see our dear Mary McQuilty in her ancestral cabin struggling with the peat fires, the spitted chickens and the potatoes in their most succulent jackets.

"In music, as in the culinary art, we come into a period of richer demonstrations. The people begin to sing at battles and funerals; musical instruments add another string or two; a learned monk designs a solfeggio and the tunefulness of the human heart receives proper means to express itself in folk-song. Bugles and pibrochs are the appetizers for warriors; organs and harps swell the praises of the Lord on high as of His little imitators, the kings of earth.

"In cooking, the ovens grow larger and more stationary; there comes salt and, much later, sugar, to season the food of mortals; the carving knife begins to flourish, the bowls are swimming with new herbs, new game, and dishes and tables and chairs begin to encumber the palaces and the hovels of the world. Here at this juncture we may place the real birthday of the musical and the culinary arts. Man, when all is said and done, my dear Britannicus, a limited being, finds proper mediums for his nature; he sings within the compass of the human voice; he eats within the compass of the human stomach. The geniuses can here express themselves naturally, and it is here that art finds its true place in the scheme of things. The lovely melodies are born, the luscious dishes are inaugurated—simple, spontaneous outpourings in accord with our aural

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*JUST PUBLISHED—VITAL—NEW—STIMULATING—IMPORTANT*

*The*

# Catholic Spirit in America

*By* GEORGE N. SHUSTER, *Associate Editor* of THE COMMONWEAL

What has the Catholic Church accomplished in so far as the common culture of the United States is concerned? To what extent, if any, has the Church been modified by an American environment? How and why do the Church and its neighbors clash in this country? Is this clash a menace or a fruitful opposition of minds and points of view? *Can the representative American citizen be conceived of as being a Catholic? Is the social, political and cultural doctrine of the Church opposed to the best traditional interests of this nation?* Mr. Shuster's answers will carry an appeal to every thinking Catholic.

"The Catholic Spirit in America" singles out in a striking way the root cause of much of the emptiness of our life in America and of the precocious 'disillusionment' of our young writers. "It is a book which should start a good many people thinking," says *Thomas F. Woodlock,* and *William Franklin Sands* writes, "I am enthusiastic."

**Dedicated by permission to Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul. *Octavo.* $3.00**

## THE IMAGE in the PATH

*By*

GRENVILLE VERNON

Mr. Vernon is well known to readers of "The Commonweal." This novel is a success, a thing of beauty and power. "Vernon carries the originality of his theme into the tinest crannies of his story by giving each incident an emotional veracity. He feels life deeply, richly, reverently, and you feel it with him." *Oliver M. Saylor,* "on the air" from WGBS.

**$2.50**

*One of the great true stories of modern times.*

## Rasputin

PRINCE FELIX YOUSSOUPOFF

**The life and death of the amazing Russian "saint" told by the man who killed him.**

**ILLUSTRATED, $5.00**

## POPES and CARDINALS in MODERN ROME

*By*

CARLO PRATI

"Will do much to remove misconceptions regarding life and regimen in the Vatican."—*The Commonweal.*

"There are pen-pictures that make the Popes and Cardinals stand out of the author's canvas vibrant with life."—*America.*

**$3.50**

## MIND and BODY

*By* HANS DRIESCH

*Authorized translation from the 3rd German Edition by* THEODORE BESTERMAN

***Octavo, with Index and complete Bibliography of the Author.* $3.00**

HANS DRIESCH, founder of the school of Vitalism, famous author of the Gifford Lectures on "The Science and Philosophy of the Organism," here maintains on philosophical grounds, as he has elsewhere maintained on biological grounds, that there is more to man than mere mechanism. He demonstrates unanswerably the futility and shallowness of "scientific" psychology, with its parallelisms and behaviorisms, and shows that the connection of Mind and Body cannot be understood without presupposing something else. The author strikes a shrewd blow for the spiritual conception of life.

LINCOLN MAC VEAGH

**THE DIAL PRESS, 152 West 13th St., NEW YORK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**URSULINE ACADEMY**
Grand Concourse (East 165th Street), New York City
*PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS*
Resident and Day Pupils
**Boys admitted to the Elementary Departments**
*Chartered by the University of the State of New York*

***A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS***
**OAK KNOLL School of the Holy Child**
AN ELEMENTARY and COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL
**SUMMIT, N. J.** **Resident and Day Pupils**
*Campus of 12 Acres on One of Summit's Highest Points*
Rosemont College at Rosemont, Pa., St. Frideswide's at Oxford and finishing schools in Paris, Rome and Freibourg, are also under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus. **44 Blackburn Road, Phone Summit 1804**

**ACADEMY of the SACRED HEARTS**
FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS
*Boarding and Day School for Girls*
Affiliated with the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.
*Conducted by the Religious of the Holy Union of the Sacred Hearts*
ROME
These Religious also conduct an Establishment in Rome. A large estate beautifully situated on the Via Salaria. Excellent advantage in Modern Languages, Music and Art.
Ladies visiting Rome can be conveniently accommodated. Board and meals moderate.
For further information communicate with the
**REVEREND MOTHER, 466 Prospect Street, Fall River, Mass.**

**St. Hilda Guild, Inc.**
CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
**Ecclesiastical Embroidery**
*Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches*
**Old Embroidery Transferred**
**131 EAST 47th STREET** **NEW YORK**
*Vanderbilt 8761*

**McCARTHY & SIMON INC**
7-9 WEST 36th STREET
JUST OFF FIFTH AVENUE
*New York*
Caps—Gowns—Hoods
School and College Uniforms and Gym Apparel
***Quality Apparel—Specialized Service—Moderate Prices***
*Samples on Request*

**BURR PRINTING HOUSE**
FOUNDED 1837
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

or gastric capacities. This is the epoch of art; the great age of the plain chant and the plain diets of Ceres.

"Our Mary comes into the vision with the cook stove, the coalbin, the kerosene oil, Swedish matches, fire-insurance, butter and oleomargarine, baking powder and spices unknown to the ancient world. She has as yet no tables to dictate how many spoonfuls, how many minutes; her own fingers peel and slice the potatoes; her own taste ordains the seasonings; she is a free woman ruling over a domain that is hers by right divine of talent and special vocation.

"What works of genius have we not lost in the devastated realms of these old cooks, whether of France, Ireland or the fabled lands of Dixie! the great composers of music, the great natural-born cooks routed from their rostrums and cookstoves! the great orators driven from their pulpits! the great painters shuffled off to museums! before a progress which offers us electric cookers, flavorings and foodstuffs in delicatessen packages, dried meats and gelatinous desserts! Ghost of our dear old Mary, were you with me the other day at the Grand Central Palace when they showed me the electric potato peelers and the devices that enabled me to cook dinner without interrupting my game of bridge-whist? the electric irons with the thumb-rest cut-off, the washing machines that will scrub out anything with the exception of baby's ears, the devices to scramble eggs, whip cream and shred vegetables? Or at the concerts of Russian music with the eighty-five maniacs scratching maniacal concoctions from the devil's own hydrants for the ten thousand victims of our stadiums and music halls?

"Yes, Britannicus, the art days of music are over; the artists have vanished from our kitchens. For we have fallen into an age of science, and our musicians as well as our cooks must now take special courses to prepare their works; we push forward into the ranks of scientists; our mystics have become psychoanalysts; our poets and novelists function in telegraphy and kinetoscopic rôles; our painters and sculptors are built up on spectroscopes and geometrics; our musicians are lost in cabalism and Saint Vitus rhythms; our cooks (alas, poor Mary, R. I. P.!) they are sterilized, certified, dust-proof, white-capped, statistical, hygienic, chemical, anti-germ, diagnostical, machine-made, therapeutical professors of science. The art of cookery has degenerated into science. He Dicho."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

## CONTRIBUTORS

WILLA CATHER, formerly on the staff of the Pittsburgh Daily Leader and McClure's Magazine, is the author of My Antonia, The Lost Lady, Youth and the Bright Medusa, One of Ours, The Professor's House and Death Comes for the Archbishop.

MUNA LEE (Mrs. Luis Muñoz Marín) the secretary for publicity of the University of Porto Rico, is the author of Sea-Change and the translator of the Spanish-American Anthology number of Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.

FRANCIS MCCULLAGH is a foreign correspondent and the author of The Cossacks, Italy's War for a Desert, A Prisoner of the Reds, and The Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity.

CLEMENT WOOD is the author of Glad Earth, Poets of America and other books.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, formerly professor of philosophy at the University of Oregon, is the literary editor of The Dictionary of American Biography.

EVELYN ELIZABETH WALSH is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

MARTHA BAYARD is a contemporary American critic.

DANIEL SARGENT, critic and poet, is the author of Our Gleaming Days and The Road to Welles-Perennes.

THEODORE MAYNARD is an English critic and poet whose books include Drums of Defeat, Carven from the Laurel Tree, A Tankard of Ale, The Divine Adventure, and A Modern Book of Catholic Verse.

AGNES REPPLIER is an American essayist, author of The Fireside Sphynx, In Our Convent Days, Varia, and Americans and Others.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL is a member of the faculty of Loyola College, Chicago, and contributor of prose and verse to the American periodicals.

KATHERINE BRÉGY, critic and poet, is author of The Poets' Chantry, and Poets and Pilgrims.

REV. PATRICK J. TEMPLE is in residence at the Church of the Holy Family, New Rochelle, N. Y.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS, author of 1001 Nights of Opera, is musical and literary critic for G. Schirmer, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED